

# Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Volume 12

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Number 11

I Escaped Alive . . . . .	<i>This Week Magazine</i>	1
Casey Jones . . . . .	<i>Franciscan Message</i>	8
What To Do About Rabies . . . . .	<i>Hygeia</i>	11
Cannibal Converter . . . . .	<i>John W. White</i>	13
Beware of the Gyp Car . . . . .	<i>Open Road for Boys</i>	17
Searcher for Fallen Stars . . . . .	<i>Arizona Highways</i>	20
Dental Mission to the Arctic . . . . .	<i>Barnett Fowler</i>	24
Cana Teaches Adventure . . . . .	<i>Look</i>	27
Police Dogs of Russia . . . . .	<i>Lithuanian Bulletin</i>	31
Bill Jackson on Education		
	<i>Radio Talk by Thomas E. O'Connell</i>	34
Pop Goes America . . . . .	<i>Holy Name Journal</i>	37
William Sampson: Irish-American . . . . .	<i>Ave Maria</i>	40
New Uses for Rare Elements . . . . .	<i>Science Studies</i>	45
Deceit Is a Red Virtue . . . . .	<i>J. Edgar Hoover in Redbook</i>	48
Challoner's England . . . . .	<i>Bombay Examiner</i>	51
Slave and Scholar . . . . .	<i>Negro Digest</i>	55
Who's To Blame for High Prices		
	<i>American Legion Magazine</i>	57
Just An Ordinary Martyr . . . . .	<i>Catholic Herald Citizen</i>	60
The Sacred Hearts Fathers . . . . .	<i>Henry F. Unger</i>	62
Little Black Book . . . . .	<i>Jesuit Seminary News</i>	66
Third Sight by Short Wave . . . . .	<i>Marianist</i>	68
The Analyst and the Confessor . . . . .	<i>Commonweal</i>	73
A Debt to Fritz . . . . .	<i>Foreign Service</i>	78
If Americans Pull Together		
	<i>Philip Murray in the American Magazine</i>	82
Grade School Band . . . . .	<i>Betty Stoll</i>	89
Joe Verdeur, Water Boy . . . . .	<i>The Tidings</i>	91
The Navajo Problem . . . . .	<i>Calumet</i>	93
Is This Tomorrow . . . . .	<i>Picture Story of Communist Terror</i>	96

This Struck Me, 7      I Shall Never Forget It, 44  
Flights of Fancy, 65

O great work of love: death then died, when Life died on the tree. ❖ Save us, O Saviour Christ, by the power of the Cross: thou who didst save Peter in the sea, have mercy on us. ❖ Behold the cross of the Lord, flee, O ye His enemies, for the lion of the tribe of Juda, the root of David, hath conquered, alleluia. ❖ But us it behoveth to glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. ❖ By the sign of the cross deliver us from our enemies, O our God.

Antiphons at Lauds for the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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Editor: Paul Bussard

Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Harold J. O'Loughlin, Ralph Thibodeau, Ethelyn Burns, Kern Pederson.

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VOL. 12

## Catholic Digest



NO. 11

SEPTEMBER, 1948

*Terror in the gold fields**I Escaped Alive*

By VLADIMIR PETROV

Condensed from *This Week Magazine*\*

**B**ACK in the prison in Leningrad, in the room of the NKVD commandant, I remember seeing a Soviet slogan, "It is better to arrest ten innocent men than to leave one criminal free."

I had been a second-year student at the Leningrad Engineering institute, when in 1935, year of the Great Purge, black cars patrolled the streets at night. Police wearing the dreaded blue-peak-ed caps with red bands would leap out

before a darkened house; the unsuspecting victim would be dragged away, never to be seen again. It was my personal misfortune to attract a fellow student at the institute. She was some years older and not my idea of a beauty. But I might have been more receptive had I realized she was an agent of the NKVD. One night, in a burst of jealousy, she planted in my apartment some books no Soviet citizen is allowed to read. Agents raided



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July 11, 1948.

my rooms and found the books, and also some "dangerous" correspondence with American stamp collectors. I was dragged to jail, given a mock trial, and sentenced to six years of hard labor in Siberia.

From Leningrad to Vladivostok, the port of embarkation for the Dalstroy gold fields, is 6,500 miles. It took our prison train 47 days. We were herded like cattle into sealed wooden cars, 60 men to a car. There was little heat and no ventilation. We slept on wooden planks in double tiers around the car. At night our food, bread and salt herring, was tossed onto the dirty floor for us to scramble for and fight over. Much of the time we were without water.

We were a mongrel crowd: scientists and professors convicted of being "socially hostile" to the Soviet system; peasants who had refused to join collective farms, and who sat mute and bewildered, too frightened to speak; political dissidents; common criminals, thieves and murderers. The petty crooks and degenerates were the worst.

If the train was bad, the steamer that transported us from Vladivostok to Magadan was a thousand times worse. It did not ease our fears to learn it was the *Dzhurma*, in which 2,500 slaves had frozen when the ship became ice-bound two winters before. We were crowded into the bottom hold, sleeping on plank beds four tiers high, so tightly packed that we could not walk nor sit upright. To prevent mass mutiny, armed guards patrolled day and night. In addition machine-

gun nests covered the decks, and fire pumps were poised ready to direct icy jets of sea water if trouble broke out.

My legs were swollen, and the pain was unbearable. From a fellow prisoner I learned I had contracted scurvy, probably from lack of food. I was so weak I could barely drag myself to the deck when the *Dzhurma* docked at Magadan, a week later. My legs gave way as I started down the gangplank. I lost my balance, rolled over several times and landed on my face on the hard planks. I had arrived in the Kolyma.

Three administration chiefs were in charge of Dalstroy during my stay. Berzin, the first, a hard-driving but capable Latvian, set up the project and was later removed by Stalin, during some political upheaval, and executed in Moscow. Pavlov, who succeeded Berzin in 1937, was a ruthless straw boss, insensitive to human suffering, and interested only in stepping up gold production. Nikishov, who succeeded Pavlov when he, in turn, offended Stalin and was liquidated, is still there, according to my last reports. You can imagine my emotions when I read Henry Wallace's book, *Soviet Asia Mission*, and saw him photographed with Nikishov, whom he described enthusiastically as a big industrial director, deeply concerned about housing his men and so human that he likes to "gambol" about on a walk amid the larches, "enjoying the wonderful air immensely."

Under Berzin, I had the luck to be assigned to office work because of tech-



nical training. My first 16 months were spent in a construction office and in the Northern Gold Fields administration. Here I made many friends among free workers and minor officials.

The arrival of Pavlov changed everything. All political prisoners were arbitrarily sent to the mines. Our workday was increased cruelly. Our nominal wages, on which we depended to bribe the guards for such small luxuries as soap and tobacco, were cut off. The brutal system of food rationing was introduced: enough bread to supply energy for those who equaled an arbitrary "norm" of production, not enough even to sustain life for those who fell below the required daily total. Such food as we did receive was frequently spoiled.

Winter and summer alike we slept in canvas tents, banked around the sides with moss and branches to keep out the wind, and lined with plywood. In the mornings the plywood would be covered with ice. Our only stove was homemade from an American gasoline barrel, and fueled with wood which the prisoners had to cut—after 12 hours in the mines. Frostbitten fingers and toes were common, but there were no doctors for the slaves. When a prisoner froze his finger, an assistant doctor merely placed the hand on the table, took a knife, and hacked the finger off. The prisoner was given a few days to recuperate, and then was sent back to work in the mines.

Mortality from cold, disease, hunger, and sheer exhaustion rose at a catastrophic rate. Men dropped in their

tracks. Infuriated, Pavlov had them hauled to the execution camp and shot as "saboteurs." Every morning, before we started to work, a guard would read the list of those executed the previous day. In Kolyma, in 1938 alone, there were up to 70,000 deaths. As fast as the slaves died, replacements were sent by steamer from Vladivostok to take their places. That year, 120,000 newcomers arrived in Kolyma.

Only the hardest peasants survived a full term. Our working day began at 5 A.M., in pitch blackness. After receiving a pound of bread apiece, our total ration, we stood in line for roll call, and then were marched to the mines. We were allowed one hour's break at noon for a thin soup. But since that meant walking back to camp, we often preferred to go without eating. Work ended at 6 or 7, depending on the whim of the guards. The weak or sick who failed to meet the day's quota were required to work throughout the night and continue all the following day without food or rest. Even those who completed their norm seldom averaged more than five or six hours' sleep a night.

The gold field where I worked was called Tumany, or "foggy," because of the year-round mist. During the winter, we worked with pick and shovel, uncovering the upper stratum of gold-bearing earth and piling it into wooden sleds. The sleds were hauled up out of the pit by a mechanical winch, and the dirt was dumped in a pile until thawing weather. In summer, water was brought from the mountains

through an open wooden trough, erected on a high viaduct, and poured over riffle-boxes which were rocked back and forth by hand until the gold particles were washed from the dirt.

When Pavlov became the new boss he decided to continue the gold-washing process during the winter months as well. The ground was thawed by steam, and we hacked and pounded the frozen particles of earth to break them up. At least 90% of the digging was done by human labor. We had some horses to haul the dirt away after it had been washed. They worked less and were fed better than the human slaves, but seldom lasted more than a couple of years. After they died, we ate them.

Much of the machinery was American made, paid for by the gold we dug from the ground. When one big excavator didn't work very well on the frozen ground, we abandoned it. In the October inventory, it could not be found. All districts were checked without result. The responsible official was sentenced to three years among the men he had been ruling.

Next summer, some workers found the machine buried in a mound of earth. Little by little the previous crews had dumped dirt on it until it was completely covered. I don't think they did it to make trouble, it was just carelessness. But that didn't help the supervisor. He still had to finish his three-year term.

My most vivid memory, as I look back now, is of being always tired. I did not care much if I lived or died.

I only wanted to sleep. My body was so numb I no longer felt the blows of the guards. Pain did not mean anything. There was no capacity even for terror.

One day a half-drunk NKVD officer found some tin bowls on the floor of our tent, brought there by workers who had wanted to prolong the pleasure of eating their meager fare. He demanded in a screaming voice who had stolen them. When the culprits were pointed out (there was no sense of honor among the prisoners, and a slave would betray his fellow eagerly in hope of gaining favor with the guards) the officer pulled his revolver and opened fire. One man was killed outright, another wounded, I was grazed by a stray bullet. I remember feeling a little envious of the man who lay dead.

There was no escape. To cross the bleak, uninhabited tundra meant death. If the pursuing police dogs did not kill the prisoner, he would almost certainly die of starvation or cold. If a prisoner tried to run away, three years were added arbitrarily to his sentence; five more were added for a second attempt; after a third attempt the culprit was shot.

In July, 1938, Pavlov established special commissions of the NKVD to hold trials and sentence the prisoners. Actually there were no real trials; the accused were found guilty and condemned to death. A special execution camp was established for each Gold Field administration, nicknamed The Meat Grinder, where the condemned were brought. They dug their own

graves, 20 or 30 at a time; then they removed all their clothing, redistributed later to new prisoners, and stood behind the holes. A squad of guards mowed them down with machine guns.

Two tractors worked up and down the highway during the proceedings to drown the sound. From a tractor driver I learned the number killed in one year. In our own camp, Tumany, with about 6,000 workers, 350 were shot. I would estimate that up to 10% of all the prisoners in Dalstroy were executed that year.

Besides those executed, many more committed suicide by hanging themselves with their belts, slashing their wrists at night with broken glass or throwing themselves from the high viaduct which carried water to the mines.

The penalty for any insubordination was a term in one of the "penal camps" that dotted the gold fields. I was sent to a punishment camp once, the result of losing my temper and striking back at a guard who had been amusing himself by prodding a painful swelling on my neck.

In punishment camp, victims were fed only one meal a day, and the guards, specially selected for their brutality, beat the prisoners as a matter of course. To prevent escape, all clothes were taken away at night. When we returned from work we were halted just inside the barbed-wire enclosure, made to remove our clothing and shoes and walk barefoot through the ice and snow to our sleeping quarters. If a

prisoner showed the least stubbornness, he was forced to stand naked in the bitter cold until the guards were satisfied he was sufficiently chastened.

Penal-camp inmates worked apart from the other prisoners, at the bottom of a deep pit in the gold mine. Our job was to pile the dirt into large wooden buckets, which were hauled up out of the pit by a winch, and dumped onto a big pile outside the enclosure. Waiting until it was dark, I crawled into one of the buckets and curled up on the bottom. The other prisoners, unaware, piled earth on top of me until I was completely covered. I felt the bucket lurch and sway as it was drawn up, and then suddenly it was overturned and I fell, amid a shower of loose rocks and earth, down the far side of the pile. No one had seen me.

On hands and knees I crawled to the local branch of the Gold Fields administration. There, by great luck, I encountered an old friend. He allowed me to telephone headquarters at Magadan. I learned that even as I was escaping, friends had succeeded in obtaining my release. A week later, I was transferred from the mines and assigned to clerical work in an office at Khatynakh.

The office where I was put to work supervised the manufacture of wooden boxes, in which the gold was packed and shipped to Moscow. The boxes were a foot square, made of ash, the sides dovetailed tightly together. If even the point of a needle could be inserted in a crack, the worker would be punished.

The gold was mostly in fine particles, a few solid nuggets, and was about 95% pure. The final smelting and refining was done in Moscow, at the factory that also melted down the gold ornaments and ikons seized from Russian churches.

By counting the wooden boxes that we made, I was able to estimate quite accurately the amount of gold shipped. The figures, of course, are top secret in Russia today. I am convinced that the Siberian fields furnish not less than three quarters of all the gold produced by Russia annually. I believe the overall Russian annual gold-production figure is not less than \$225 million compared with some \$70 million for the U. S.

There is a saying in Russia, "Money has no odor." Once gold has been refined into bullion there is no way of telling what country it came from. Much of the gold now buried at Fort Knox was actually mined in the secret gold fields of Dalstroy and sold to the U. S. The Soviet Union shipped more gold to America in 1946 than any country except South Africa.

Few political prisoners live out their full term in Siberia; fewer still are freed when their terms are over. Through the same friend who had me transferred to the box factory, I achieved the impossible and secured my release at the end of six years. I was a free man. I worked six more months as a voluntary laborer, and with the money I earned I bribed my way out of Magadan on the last boat to leave before the end of navigation in 1941.

I worked my way to the Ukraine, where I was employed in a Kiev furniture factory during German occupation. I was deported to a nazi labor camp near Vienna in 1944.

It is amusing to contrast a German prison camp with one run by the Soviets. After Dalstroy, it was as easy as breaking out of a kindergarten. I escaped in a week. For the next year I worked with the anti-Soviet underground.

In 1945, I made my way into Italy, dressed in the uniform of a German infantry captain who had deserted. There, in Rome, after the war, I met the girl who is now my wife. Mirtalla had been born not far from my own birthplace in the Ukraine. At 14, she had been seized by the nazis, together with her mother and sister. They spent the war in a nazi slave-labor camp at Graz, Austria, making airplane parts.

For a long time, my eyes had turned longingly toward America as a land of freedom and peace. In an American newspaper in Rome I saw the name of a Mr. Bakoota, choir director in a Russian Orthodox church in Bridgeport, Conn. I wrote to him; he answered, and sent me affidavits and money for my passage. Through the kind intervention of Senator Vandenberg, I obtained a visa, and shortly after my arrival, late in 1947, I secured the position which I now hold as an instructor at Yale university. As soon as I could, I sent for Mirtalla to join me. We were married here in America.

Living here, talking with students, I realize how little the average Ameri-

For  
paid  
tribe

can know with certainty of what is going on in Russia today. That is why I have told this story of what I saw and did in the Kolyma.

The Soviet treasury is filled with an accumulation of gold the value of which has already mounted into the billions of dollars.

What new ventures Stalin may base on this hoard, I leave for others to conjecture. I can testify only that now he has the means to undertake almost anything he may desire. I have pounded the gold from the frozen earth myself and have seen its incredible cost in the lives of men.



### *This Struck Me*

**M**EN who make much of following a naturalistic mode of living might do well to inquire what the basic aspirations of human nature really are. Bergson\* points out what man, even here on earth, really desires most is neither wealth nor pleasure nor fame.

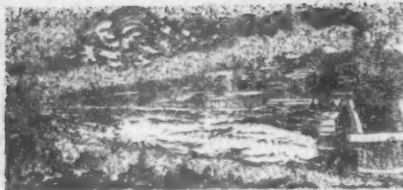
Philosophers who have speculated on the meaning of life and the destiny of man have never quite realized that nature has taken care to tell us about these things herself. She gives us a very definite sign when we have succeeded in life. That sign is joy.

I say joy; I do not say pleasure. Pleasure is only an artifice of nature to guarantee that the living will continue to live; it in no way indicates the direction of life. But joy always announces the fact that life has succeeded, that it has gained ground, has won a victory; great joy has a note of triumph in it. Wherever there is joy there is creation: the richer the creation the more profound the joy. The mother looking at her child has joy because she knows that she "created" him, physically and morally. Take the exceptional joys of life: those of the artist realizing his concepts of beauty, the scholar discovering truth. You may have thought that these men work for the glory of it all, that they take great pleasure in the admiration of others. This is a profound error. Men depend on fame and honor to the exact extent that they are not sure of having succeeded. One who is absolutely sure of having done a good work has no need of praise; he feels himself above glory, for the simple reason that he is a creator; he knows he is a creator and the joy he has in knowing it is a divine joy.

\*In *La Conscience et la Vie*.

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.





Undistorted story

## Casey Jones

By FRANKLIN W. BALL

Condensed from the  
*Franciscan Message*\*

BARBARA JONES, 14-year-old granddaughter of Casey Jones, the famous engineer, stepped from her grandmother's side in the Calvary cemetery in Jackson, Tenn., Aug. 7, 1947, to unveil a marker unique among tombstones. It was a marble replica of engine No. 382, which John Luther "Casey" Jones ran from Memphis, Tenn., to Canton, Miss., 188 miles, pulling the Illinois Central's famous *Cannonball* train.

Casey was a big, energetic, likable man who was named John Luther when he was born in Missouri in 1864. His father moved into western Kentucky to teach school when John was young. Here at a water tank at Cayce (Kay-see) John Luther met the Mobile & Ohio trains and vowed he would one day run an engine.

At 17 he took a job in the telegraph office at Columbus, Ky., and a few months later began braking on a freight between Columbus and Jackson, Tenn. After a year as brakeman, he climbed into a cab as fireman. Fellow crewmen nicknamed him Cayce to distinguish him from other John Joneses on the road. This shortly developed into Casey.

Since promotions were slow on the M. & O., he transferred in 1888 to the Illinois Central running south out of Jackson. Two years later he crossed the cab to realize the dream of his childhood, the touch of a throttle. And from that time until the day of his death, Casey Jones had the record of always bringing his train in "on the advertised," which is railroad lingo for "on time."

A new route was opened from Memphis to Canton, Miss. Engineers were needed and Casey went to Memphis to pilot the *Cannonball*, fastest train on the line. His wife and three children would soon follow him to live in Memphis.

Casey's train rolled in from the north the night of April 30, 1900, more than an hour late. Casey took hold of the throttle about midnight and pulled out through the Memphis yards an hour and a half behind time. But he had an able fireman, the colored Sim Webb, and he set himself to make up the time as he raced south through a foggy night. At Sardis, Miss., some 50 miles south of Memphis, the flying train had made up some 35 minutes. At Granada, 100

\**Franciscan Fathers, Pulaski, Wis. June, 1948.*



miles south, the brave engineer had erased a full hour. Two more stops, Winona and Durant, were made and the train sailed off down the foggy Black-river valley successfully chasing time. Fog and mists all but hid the signal lights, but old No. 1 *always* had the right of way.

When Casey pulled out of the long S curve two miles north of Vaughn, Miss., he was only two minutes behind time. He opened the throttle until he reached the 75-miles-an-hour speed he had been traveling. He would roar through Vaughn, eight miles north of his destination, on time.

The *Cannonball* was scheduled to pass two freights and two passenger trains on the two passing sidings at Vaughn. But the long passing siding there wouldn't hold the two freights, and three cars of the southbound train were yet out on the main line. A "saw-by" would have to be made. The northbound freight, already in the clear, would have to back several of its cars out on the main line, allowing the southbound freight to pull into the clear. Then Casey would bring his train to a stop on the main line between the two siding switches. The southbound freight would then back its cars out on the main line behind Casey's train, and the northbound freight would pull into the clear, allowing the *Cannonball* to proceed.

But no one was figuring on Casey's speed. A stop was impossible and the saw-by setup had not even been started when Casey's whistle was heard in the distance. A flagman went racing back

to flag down the streaking *Cannonball*.

As the caboose of the southbound freight came into the headlight rays of the *Cannonball*, Casey realized the impending danger and yelled for his fireman to jump. The fireman leaped, but Casey, with a trainload of passengers, stayed with the engine in a dying effort to stop the train. The freight caboose was splintered as were two boxcars loaded with alfalfa; a flat-car of lumber was crushed; a few persons were injured. The wreck was cleaned up, reports and investigations made, and things moved on.

Some delay was met in making known the death of Casey Jones. The message was first telegraphed to the railroad's main office in Chicago. Authorities there maintained there was no engineer on the road named Casey Jones. An answer from an inquiry brought the information that it was John Jones. But the I. C. had three engineers named John Jones. Which family should be notified? At last it was found to be John Luther Jones of Jackson, Tenn. The wreck occurred a few minutes before 4 A.M., but Mrs. Janie Jones didn't learn of the tragedy for five hours. The funeral service, attended by many of Casey's railroad friends, was held in St. Mary's Catholic church at Jackson where Casey and Janie Brady were married. (Casey's Baptism took place at Whistler, Miss.) He was buried in Mount Calvary cemetery, where the unique marker was unveiled in the presence of Casey's widow and the aging fireman. Lucius Beebe, railroad historian

of New York City, and his photographer, Charles Clegg, donors of the monument, were present.

A song, *Casey Jones*, was composed by an unlettered engine wiper, Wallace Saunders, a Negro. It was used on the stage by the Leighton brothers. Then in 1903, T. Lawrence Seibert changed it considerably, put an unkind snide or two in it about Casey and his good wife, gave it a western setting, and pyramided it into \$1 million. Neither Saunders, nor Mrs. Jones ever received a dime from it.

Mrs. Jones never remarried. She is rounding out a very eventful life at Jackson where she was born. One of her children is dead. A son is a machinist for the Illinois Central, and a daughter married a railroad storekeeper and lives in Mobile, Ala.

Mrs. Jones is a great-grandmother. She has appeared publicly many times, has been on the radio, and has been the subject of many magazine articles. The high point in her life came Sunday, Oct. 9, 1938, when a Casey Jones memorial was dedicated at Cayce, Ky.

### *Psychiatricks*

**A** BOXER with failing memory was told by his psychiatrist that he could guarantee no cure, but that daily treatment for two years might bring improvement. At the end of that time the doctor told his patient he was ready to face the world. The fighter left the doctor's office happily. On the corner a man approached him and held out his hand.

"Hello, Jack," the man said.

"Don't tell me," the fighter answered quickly. "Your name is Kid Robinson. I fought with you in Toledo on June 22, 1931; you weighed 156½ pounds; you had a cut over your left eye; you wore purple trunks with a white stripe, and you have a green bathrobe with the name *Murphy's Gym* embroidered on the back, and a hole in the right pocket. Right?" he concluded triumphantly.

"Jack!" shouted the other character despairingly. "Don't you recognize me? I'm your father, Sam!"

Lloyd Gough in *Quote* (25-41 Jan. '48).

**T**HE man had the idea that he was dead. When no amount of friendly persuasion could change his mind on the point, his family took him to a psychiatrist. The latter placed him in front of a large mirror, telling him to stand there for three hours and repeat, "Dead men don't bleed."

At the end of the time the psychiatrist pricked the man's finger with a needle, and holding up the bleeding digit he said triumphantly, "There, now, what does that prove?"

"Dead men *do* bleed," was the patient's answer.

*Maritime Co-Operator* (1 July '48).

*Don't kill the dog: watch it*



## What To Do About RABIES

By BERNARD GREENBERG

Condensed from  
*Hygeia*\*

**R**ABIES is an acute infectious disease of animals which may be transmitted to man by the saliva of a mad infected animal. The disease is world-wide in distribution. It can be prevented, but once the symptoms develop it always terminates in a horrible, agonizing death.

It can be contracted only from a rabid animal and not from a healthy dog. The saliva of a rabid animal contains a virus which is introduced into the body through a break in the skin made by the tooth of the animal. Since the virus travels along the nerve routes, a bite on the head, face or neck is especially dangerous and may produce symptoms within ten days, while an arm or leg wound may not cause the disease for 30 to 60 days. The nearer the brain, the shorter the incubation period or time between entry of the germ and the onset of symptoms. A large or deep wound will cause the disease to manifest itself much earlier than a shallow wound or simple tooth wound.

A dog may suffer from "dumb" or "furious" rabies. In the former the animal crawls away in a corner, de-

velops paralysis of the throat and extremities, and dies in a coma within a few days. In furious rabies the animal is restless, excited, snaps without cause, has glazed eyes and a peculiar howl-like bark. The throat constricts. The animal is terrifying, biting and fighting until the progressive paralysis and death end its reign of terror.

The brain cells of an animal dying of rabies contain "Negri bodies," which can be detected under the microscope. Material from the brain or spinal cord injected into an experimental animal will give it rabies, indicating that a living organism is responsible for the disease.

All warm-blooded animals, such as dogs, cats, foxes, wolves, horses, cows and others, may be affected by the rabies virus, but it is most prevalent among dogs, and the dog is most responsible for spread of the disease. Rabies occurs throughout the year but is more common during the warm months, when domestic animals roam more.

A rabid animal is a constant menace to the community; each year from 50 to 100 persons die from this disease in

\*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, 10, Ill. June, 1948.

the U. S. The incubation period in a dog varies from a week to six months. There are several danger signals. One should watch for any change in disposition of a well-behaved, affectionate animal. If it suddenly becomes irritable, snaps without provocation, seeks seclusion, chews indigestible objects, has excessive salivation with paralysis of the lower jaw, has difficulty in swallowing, a change in its bark or a disturbance in vision, a veterinarian should be consulted at once. Be careful in handling such an animal to avoid being bitten. The owner should call the local health department or a dog pound, and have a definite diagnosis established. A rabid dog will die within ten days of the onset of symptoms. No dog can recover once symptoms have developed.

The saliva of a rabid animal contains the virus for approximately eight to 12 days before the onset of symptoms and abundantly during the active stage, until death. A dog may appear perfectly well at the time of the bite and still be infectious.

The prevention of rabies in the case of a dog bite will depend on the following measures.

1. Prompt cauterization of the wound with fuming nitric acid by a physician or clinic. Do not attempt home treatment. The milder antiseptics have little value in destroying the rabies virus. They simply coagulate the superficial albumen in the skin and do not prevent the absorption of the virus. The physician surrounds the wound with collodion or vaseline and

touches the bite lightly with a swab dipped in the acid. In that way the cauterizing agent leaves practically no scar, or one no larger than the original tooth bites.

2. All animal bites should be reported to the local health authorities. Obtain the name of the owner or custodian of the animal. Stray dogs should be examined by a health-department veterinarian. If a dog or cat dies under suspicious circumstances, regardless of whether it has bitten, a report should be made promptly to health authorities. The carcass should be obtained before decomposition sets in, for a brain examination.

3. Persons bitten on the face should start preventive treatment against rabies immediately, and if after the observation period has elapsed the dog has been found to be free of rabies, the treatment may be discontinued. Treatment consists of daily injections for varying periods, usually about two weeks. There is little reaction or danger from the treatment, and it grants immunity to rabies for about six months.

4. Dog owners can help eradicate rabies by keeping their dogs properly leashed, and by turning in unwanted or stray animals, and by obeying the rules and regulations of the health department regarding dogs.

5. Dogs can be protected against rabies by annual injection of an improved vaccine that will increase its chances of resisting the disease.

Do not neglect a dog bite; you may save a life.



*Indigestible zeal*

# Cannibal Converter

By JOHN W. WHITE

WHEN Eugene Eyraud was rowed ashore at Easter Island, accompanied only by a native interpreter, he found his path inland blocked by a solid wall of naked cannibals, gaudily colored with war paint, yelling and prancing, and threatening the white man by waving their long spears at arm's length above their heads. It was a Sunday afternoon, Jan. 3, 1864, when Brother Eyraud stood on the sunny beach at Hanga Roa and calmly faced the savages.

Next to the Patagonians, the Easter Islanders were the tallest people on earth. They had broad shoulders and slender bodies; they were painted in red and blue and green and white; and they shouted and screamed incessantly. The noise was deafening and the grimacing savage faces were made even more hideous by the war paint.

Brother Eyraud was small, with brown hair and small blue eyes. The wind had blown off his hat and he had not bothered to pick it up. He stood there bareheaded, the wind whipping his long white robes about his legs, and stared quietly and completely unafraid at his tormentors.

Finally, Eugene covered his ears with his hands and shouted at them in French, "Stop it! Quiet! Quiet!"

His words meant nothing to them. Nor did theirs to him when they shouted back, "White meat he stand on beach. On with the feast!"

Eugene Eyraud, now ten years a lay Brother in the French Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, had come to Easter Island upon his own request, as precursor to missionaries he hoped would follow him in more propitious days. His intrepid stand before the howling savages was in striking contrast to his boyhood attitudes—he had been what schoolboys of today would call a sissy.

He was seventh of eight children of a family of moderate means living on a small farm in St. Bonnet, in France. The family motto was: A good life is worth more than a full pocket. Eugene lived by this motto: he attended Catechism class regularly, never quarreled nor used bad language, and always walked away from playmates who did.

From his earliest days, Eugene wanted to be a priest, but family finances forbade. When he was nine years old, his father died. Soon the boy left home, first learning the mechanic's trade in a brother's shop, then journeying on to South America. Eventually he set up a small machine shop in Copiapó, Chile; he prospered, helped a



brother to the priesthood, a niece through school, and his mother in her old age.

One day he accidentally met two French priests of the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, felt the old pull toward the Religious life, and joined the Order as a lay Brother. By way of the Order's Tahiti mission he came to Easter Island with a friendly native boy. Now he stood before savages ready to rend and eat him.

The native boy turned to his white friend in fright and translated the full import of what the cannibals were shouting. "Let's go back to the ship," he urged.

"Go back to the ship?" exclaimed Eyraud. "Certainly not. Do something! Tell them that these white robes mean that I am a messenger of the white man's God and that I have come to tell them about Him; nothing else."

"That's just what start big noise," replied the boy, as he looked at Eyraud with a mighty fear in his eyes. "Chief man say many moons gone by they eat nice bunch white men dressed same like you. Them make 'em one fine feast, he say."

Brother Eyraud's face paled as he made the sign of the cross and whispered a prayer. "So that's what became of Bishop Rouchouze and his priests!" He remembered that Msgr. E. Rouchouze, first apostolic vicar for the Pacific Islands, had left Tahiti with several French priests 20 years earlier and that none of them had ever been heard of again. But the cannibals were to be deprived of this feast.

It was nearly sundown when the interpreter managed to slip away and persuade a rival tribe to rescue Brother Eyraud from his tormentors. Brother Eyraud spent the night in a cave on the other side of the island, but in the morning walked back to the beach and presented himself to the chief of the cannibals.

Instead of cringing before the huge savage, Brother Eyraud looked him in the eye and demanded return of his trunks and boxes. The natives were so impressed with Brother Eyraud's fearlessness that they decided not to eat him—yet. Instead, the chief adopted him as a sort of pampered slave and stole all his belongings, explaining that he could always borrow them back when he needed them.

One day the savages decided that the white man should build for them a boat large enough to take them to some of the other Pacific islands, the nearest of which was 1,000 miles away. As there was no timber on the island, Eyraud sent the natives out to bring in all the driftwood and boards that they could find on the beaches.

It took a month for Eyraud to build the boat and by that time the natives were so impatient they would not wait for the caulking to dry. When they launched the boat and jumped in, Brother Eyraud locked himself in his hut. He knew the boat would sink, and fully expected that the disappointed natives would come back and kill him. Instead, more than 100 of them sat all night in the weeds around his little home and pelted its wooden walls

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with stones to keep him from falling asleep.

From the start, Brother Eyraud had begun teaching the catechism to the younger natives. It was a strange catechism class. At first the young savages looked upon it simply as a new form of diversion and impatiently refused to wait for the bell that called them to class. A group of them was just as likely as not to present themselves at dawn with the demand, "Teach us to pray!" If Brother Eyraud wanted to do something else at that particular moment, his class would sit in the weeds and throw stones against his cabin until he went out to them. Then when they thought they had had enough, they would get up and walk away without even a good-by.

What seems to have impressed the Easter Islanders most deeply about the new religion that the white man had brought was that he preached to them of God as a loving father, and not as a vengeful master, as were all their pagan gods. Also, strange though it may seem, the savages had a strong, respectful love for their mothers and were greatly impressed by the story of the virgin Mary.

Consequently, when the time arrived for the festivals to the pagan gods, with which the natives welcomed the spring (October, in the southern hemisphere), they took Brother Eyraud across the island to take part in the celebration. This was the big celebration of the year and one for which the natives put on everything they could find to wear. On the

way across the island, one of them laughingly snatched the white man's hat and put it on his own head. Instantly, Brother Eyraud was deprived of all his clothing except his short cotton drawers, and he managed to save them only by striking two or three big fellows who tried to tear them off.

That night Brother Eyraud persuaded the chief to "lend" him one of the blankets that had been stolen from him. Next morning, he was dressed in his drawers and blanket when a little schooner anchored in the bay and sent a boat ashore with two priests in it. They had come from Valparaiso to take him back to Chile. He had been on Easter Island nine months.

In Valparaiso, Brother Eugene wrote a long report to the superior general in France, carefully relating all his experiences and urging that a mission be established on Easter Island and that he be permitted to return there with the mission. Then he set about making his preparations, as though the permission had already been granted. Among other things, he persuaded the people of Valparaiso to make large donations of clothing, tools, and sewing machines. The giant-sized men of Easter Island loved to sew.

At the end of May, 1865, Brother Eugene sailed again from Valparaiso to join the mission that was being organized by Father Hipólito Roussel at Mangareva in the Gambier Islands. The mission arrived at Easter Island on the schooner *Our Lady of Peace* on May 25, 1866, and soon began con-

verting the cannibals to Christianity. The conversions continued through 1867 and '68. The last to be baptized were some of the chiefs who had several wives and rebelled at losing all but one of them. Wives made good servants.

Brother Eyraud felt a personal responsibility for the success of the Easter Island mission, since he had so strongly urged that it be sent. Consequently, he overworked himself and soon undermined his once robust health. For several months at a time he had nothing to eat except the large sweet potatoes that were indigenous to the island.

Early in 1868, Brother Eyraud knew that he was dying of tuberculosis. The heavy July rains made him worse. In August he again sent some of the natives around the island to bring in all the driftwood and boards they could find. With these he made a coffin for himself.

There was no sadness about Eugene Eyraud as he prepared to die. He felt that he had sacrificed himself to God's work and he was happy at having saved the souls of the big Easter Islanders. Only once did he express a regret—he would never again see his home, St. Bonnet, in the Alps of southeastern France. Finally, he seemed to be hanging onto life by sheer will power so that he might witness the great mass baptismal ceremony that had been set for Aug. 14, the eve of the Assumption of the blessed Virgin. The last 500 natives were to be baptized in one day.

When the great day arrived, Brother Eugene was too ill to leave his bed. The ceremony began at 6 o'clock in the morning. It was eight hours later that Father Roussel, in a tired but still joyous voice, chanted the last *Ego te baptizo*. Father Gaspar, who had assisted, hurried to Brother Eugene's bedside to tell him about it. He had to lean close to hear Eugene's whisper. "Are they all Christians now?"

"All except seven who could not come today," replied Father Gaspar. "We are going to baptize them next Sunday."

"How many were there?" asked Eugene.

"Five hundred and two."

Eugene turned his eyes to the ceiling and smiled. "Glory be to God! My prayers have been answered. Now I can die in peace." He sank into a coma soon after receiving the last sacraments. Five days later he died, on Aug. 19, 1868.

In October, 1868, two months after Brother Eugene died, H.M.S. *Topaze* spent several days at Easter Island. No greater tribute could be paid to what he accomplished than these few words from an article written a few months later by one of the officers and published in *Macmillan's Magazine*. "A crowd of good-natured men and boys welcomed us and we had to shake hands until we were tired. Of the natives today, not one is not a professed Christian."

Shortly before the outbreak of the 2nd World War a Chilean warship made its annual call at Hanga Roa,

where Eugene had stood and faced a thousand yelling cannibals. As the naval chaplain stepped ashore, wearing his cassock, a toothless old woman rushed up and grabbed him by the hand. "Come with me!" she demanded. The chaplain demurred. The woman started inland, pulling the

chaplain along with her. She led him up a hill to a cemetery and over to the far corner of it. Pointing to a tomb, she commanded, "Kneel here and say a prayer. For here lies our beloved padrecito."

On the tomb was inscribed the name Eugene Joseph Eyraud.

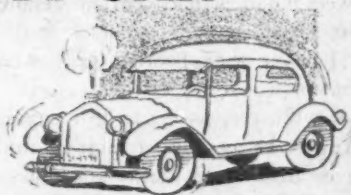
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*Indian signs on jalopies*

## BEWARE of the GYP CAR

By MAX ALTH

Condensed from the *Open Road for Boys\**



Few persons buying used cars today expect to get their money's worth, and few buyers are getting even as much as they expect.

Usually, the speedometer is the first thing a wary purchaser inspects, since a car's mileage is a fairly trustworthy indication of its life expectancy. However, a speedometer can easily be turned back. Check mileage by inspecting the steering wheel, testing its play. Look at the brake handle, the driver's seat, the floor mat. Has the paint been worn from the brake handle, is there much play in the steering wheel? Does a seat cover hide a hole in the upholstery? Is the floor mat a replacement? Check with another car

that has a comparable mileage reading. Such flaws shouldn't develop before 30,000 or 40,000 miles of normal driving.

Try the doors. They should swing smoothly, and should not be sprung. Any stiffness or rubbing around the edges is a pretty certain indication that the car has been hit. Check the bottom edges of the doors and the inside of the trunk for excessive rust. An occasional rust spot means nothing, but excessive rust means that the car has been exposed to the weather, and that the body is disintegrating beneath the fine-looking coat of paint.

Inspect the chassis. Check it for

\*136 Federal St., Boston, 10, Mass. July, 1948.

smoothness and consistency of color. A rust spot indicates that an acetylene or electric welding torch has been used to straighten out the chassis. Heat boils the protective coating of grease and paint away. Check one side of the chassis against the other. Who has been under there pounding away with a sledge hammer, and why?

Inspect the springs. Are they in place? Is there any suspicious clearance between the center of the spring and its mounting? Check one spring against the other. If there are any irregularities the car has been in a crack-up, and while a wrecked car can be made as good as new, perfect repair is so expensive a proposition that it is rarely done.

Take the suspected car to a repair shop that has a chassis aligner, and have it checked. An out-of-line chassis will cause a series of mechanical breakdowns. It can wear out a new set of tires in fewer than 5,000 miles. It may throw a strain on the undamaged rear main bearing, clutch, universal, transmission, and shorten their life considerably.

Check for water, oil, grease and gasoline leaks. They may mean anything from an insignificant to a major repair job. One of the main bearings may be worn, causing an oil leak; the transmission housing may be cracked and leaking oil; the water jacket may be cracked.

Be sure to inspect the front wheels. Are they toed-in properly? Are they cambered correctly? The leading edges of the car's front wheels should be

approximately one quarter of an inch closer together than the rear edges measured at the brake-drum rim. The lower edges of the front wheels should be approximately one inch closer together than the top edges. You can check the wheels further by driving the car around a corner. The steering wheel should spin back to straight ahead by itself. If it does not, the pins holding the front wheels are in incorrect tilt.

Are the wheels centered in the fenders? Are the front wheels in line with the rear wheels? Remember, it isn't thousandths of inches you are looking for, but inches. It doesn't take years of experience and a microscopic eye to spot these things; only a knowledge of where to look and what to look for.

Check the way the car sits on the road. Is it level? Are all of the springs okay? If you're still interested, it's time now to lift the hood. Don't let appearance of the motor influence your judgment one way or another. Like a pot, its outside appearance is no indication of what's cooking inside. If it is clean and dry, the motor may have just been cleaned. Most service stations will steam-clean a motor for a few dollars. On the other hand, some car owners carry their oil with them in five-gallon tins and perhaps spill some all over the motor every time they put any in.

Check the water. It may be slightly rusty but should not be gummy. Gum usually indicates addition of some sort of stop-leak to the water. And the water should not be greasy. Oil indicates

a blown head gasket or a cracked block. A head gasket costs only \$10 or \$20, but a cracked block means a new motor.

Remove the oil-measuring rod. Drops of water in the oil indicate a cracked block. Since this will be difficult to spot once the motor has been warmed up, check it when it's cold.

Start the motor and let it idle. It should idle slowly and smoothly, but its idling will not be affected by either a cracked block or evenly worn rings. A motor that has to be raced to be kept alive is definitely fishy. Beware the sharper who claims the motor must be raced because the battery is dead.

Look at the exhaust; hold your hand against it. If moisture is present the head gasket is blown or the block is cracked. Listen to it. It should sound smooth. Take your hand away and race the engine. The exhaust should be an almost invisible blue-black. Heavy white or black smoke indicates an oil burner.

Now take the car out for a little run. Put it on a level road and see whether

it pulls to one side or not. Run it over some bumps and see how quickly the shock absorbers squelch the swinging of the springs. Run the car up to 40 or 50, then take your foot off the gas. Does it jump out of high gear? If it does, it has either worn transmission gears or a bent shaft, and may need an entire new transmission.

Try running the car up a very steep hill in high. Find one steep enough to stall it, or overload the motor by not giving it sufficient momentum. If bearings need replacing you will hear them. Ignore the high-pitched pinging sounds that are merely gas knocks, a sign that you are overloading the motor, which is what you want to do in this case. If the car has very little pep and is quiet, it is likely that the spark has been retarded. The spark should be advanced to the point where you can hear the spark knock, and perhaps the bearings.

The tests are by no means conclusive or foolproof, but they will uncover most of the gypping that is being done in used cars.

### *Duty at Sword's Point*

*M*SGR. EDMUND NOWICKI, apostolic administrator of Gorzow in the formerly German area now under Polish administration, was invited to ride in the car of a Red army colonel, told he was being kidnapped and why. At the insistence of the new Polish settlers to have the ministrations of the Church, three churches had been restored in that area. The colonel had picked up church vessels, crucifixes, and even promised to provide altar wine. "Only the priests are missing," he told Monsignor Nowicki. "You are the first one I could find." The monsignor agreed to dedicate the churches and hold opening services, explained to his kidnapper that he was the Ordinary for the area and would provide three priests for the churches, and was released.

Max Jordan (N.C.W.C. 5 July '48).



*Swoosh and bang*

## Searcher for Fallen Stars

By NAT McKELVEY

Condensed from *Arizona Highways*\*

**T**ONS of flaming celestial steel once smashed into Northern Arizona. The impact of the swarm gouged the greatest known cosmic crater, Meteor crater in Arizona. In Kansas, 25 years ago, a wiry, scholarly man watched as a meteorite swept from the night sky earthward, trailing a fiery tail. Today, Dr. Harvey H. Nininger is an authority on meteorites, working approximately within sight of Meteor crater, near Winslow. The swarm of meteorites that blasted Meteor crater left a hole nearly a mile in diameter and 570 feet deep. It is so large that, used as a football stadium, it could seat 2,600,000.

Dr. Nininger's workshop is in the American Meteorite museum, an institution dedicated to the finding, preservation, and study of "falling-stars." Imagine yourself in a large room containing 5,000 stones and lumps of iron, each of which had plummeted out of the sky to some point on the earth's surface. Some fell in daytime with earth-shaking violence, others were like "a torch in the night." Some fell in desert wastes, others amid human dwellings. One banged through a house roof in Missouri during the

1st World War. Another crashed through a bedroom where two children were asleep. A meteor shower nearly broke up a funeral near Johnstown, Colo. Other exhibits include the only gold-bearing meteorite in America; meteorites containing diamonds; a meteorite from a cliff dwelling wrapped in feather cloth and enclosed in a stone cyst.

One meteorite was used as an anvil by a Mexican blacksmith. From another, an Indian fashioned an axe head, while in Texas, a rancher used a meteorite as a "deadman" in a range fence.

The violence of a meteorite dashing against the earth has for centuries compelled interest. To witness the landing is an experience not accorded most people during a lifetime. Even Dr. Nininger has never actually seen one at the moment of impact. Yet from his study of accounts, he has vividly reconstructed the scene.

Dr. Nininger speaks of "the column of fire piercing the atmosphere, the earth-shaking blast, the gigantic cloud of smoke and dust, the mighty detonations, the persistent reverberations and the throbbing of the countryside, to-

\**Arizona Highway department, Phoenix, Ariz. May, 1948.*



gether with the showering of rock fragments." Strictly speaking, a meteorite is not a star, but a piece of heavenly matter that has been wandering, cold and alone, through empty space. Falling at 1,500 to 2,700 miles a minute, those small members of the solar family now and again stray within the gravitational pull of the earth. When this happens, they cannot resist gravity. They must follow it to the inevitable crash.

Dr. Nininger began his pursuit of meteorites as a hobby. In 1923, at McPherson, Kan., he saw a meteorite fall some distance away. He marked the spot on the sidewalk where he stood. Next day, with a surveyor's transit he took bearings to locate the stone's landing place. To get additional information, he posted notices in newspapers, asking eye witnesses to write him giving details. From the replies Dr. Nininger deduced the landing place as Kiowa county. He went there, speaking on natural-history subjects in the schools, mentioning meteorites, and displaying samples. Eventually, prodded by Dr. Nininger's talks, a farmer appeared at Coldwater, Comanche county, just south of Kiowa. He had a strange stone, a meteorite. Dr. Nininger's method had borne fruit.

"When a meteorite falls," Dr. Nininger explains, "I immediately send a notice to newspapers in the area. I ask folks to write, telling what direction they were facing and the exact direction in which the meteorite disappeared."

Dr. Nininger then analyzes the re-

ports, checking them against the best maps. When he isolates the general area of the fall, Dr. Nininger visits it, enlisting aid of local farmers, geologists, Boy Scouts.

Dr. Nininger has inoculated many shepherders with the germ of meteorite hunting. "Shepherders make ideal meteorite watchers," he declares. "They have ample time, are out a great deal at night, are in the open, are usually alert observers."

The scientist does not expect folks to go unrewarded. Whenever a searcher finds a meteorite, Dr. Nininger buys it at rates of \$1 a pound up. Thus he collects each year 80% of all meteorites found in the U. S.

In 1925, Dr. Nininger, with his wife Addie and three small children, began his first concerted meteorite chase. The professor had a tankful of gas, \$19.50 in cash, scant experience but boundless hope. To pay expenses, he lectured for a small fee in schools along the route.

Sometimes hunger stalked the Niningers. Just before Christmas that first year, while his family gathered pecans from a grove that had already been picked, Dr. Nininger drove into a small Texas town. Dr. Nininger's proposal that he lecture at the public school brought him to the president of the school board, also a banker.

Unabashed, Dr. Nininger approached Banker Jones. The scientist displayed meteorite specimens, talked fast and expertly. The economical banker, fascinated, hired Dr. Nininger out of his own pocket to lecture to the school, and purchased meteorite samples for

the school museum to keep on display.

At the end of a trying, challenging tour, Dr. Nininger could boast of success. He had discharged a \$300 debt, made his living, put some money in the bank, and discovered two new meteorites. He had begun to learn, too, a great deal about the terrors from the sky.

Dr. Nininger knew, of course, that a meteor is the correct designation for the flash of fire made by a meteorite, the thing that falls. He knew, too, that meteorites are of two principal varieties, stony and nickel-iron. The stony are chiefly rock material while the nickel-iron are 80% to 95% iron or steel. When freshly fallen, meteorites are black, but, after lying buried in the earth a few years, they change, by oxidation, to a rusty brown.

Meteorites are irregular, without sharp corners or edges. A few, because they have traveled through space without tumbling, are cone shaped, streamlining themselves for passage through the earth's atmosphere. Like the crust on a loaf of cracked-wheat bread, the crust of a stony meteorite is slightly glazed. Some meteorites are identified by "thumb" marks, pits created by uneven melting of the surface. Shallow, with rounded edges, the pits appear like marks made by pushing fingers into molding clay. Stony meteorites often contain tiny particles known as chondrules. Varying in size from a pin head to a pea, the grains are white or gray and sometimes black or brown. They are visible on a polished surface under a ten-power lens.

Significantly, meteorites, like people, carry an identifying "fingerprint" known as the Widmanstatten pattern. A lifetime friend of Dr. Nininger, John Hilton, once found a 269-pound iron meteorite serving as an anvil in a small Mexican hacienda. Hilton bought the stone, informing Dr. Nininger that he believed it belonged to a previously unrecorded fall of meteorites.

Dr. Nininger consulted his voluminous records. In 1896, he learned, meteorites had been discovered at Arispe, Sonora, 200 miles from the big anvil. Probably Hilton's anvil belonged to Arispe.

Dr. Nininger sawed a two-inch corner from Hilton's stone. To remove hacksaw blemishes, he ground the piece on a lapidary wheel, then buffed it to a high polish. He applied dilute nitric acid, and geometric figures, the stone's own individual Widmanstatten pattern, slowly appeared, identical with the Widmanstatten from a piece of meteorite taken at Arispe, Sonora.

Dr. Nininger has experienced several important triumphs. Near Odessa, Texas, the pancake plains are pockmarked by a single crater and a multitude of depressions known as "lakes." Not many years ago, they were labeled "origin unknown," but scientists thought they might have been caused by meteorites.

To test this theory, Dr. Nininger made four trips to the site. He took a magnetic balance, popularly known as a radio metal finder, and an electromagnet. Combing the area with these

instruments, Dr. Nininger located meteorite fragments. Projecting from the soil under a sage bush, an 8¼-pound meteorite, largest ever found at the Odessa crater up to that time, did not escape the searcher. Dr. Nininger's efforts proved the existence of the greatest known stony meteorite shower in history. Near Plainview, Texas, on a date unknown, 900 stones fell. Fifteen years before Dr. Nininger entered the investigation, an eastern museum had found 12 stones from this landing, then closed the books.

Persuaded that many more stones remained to be discovered, Dr. Nininger tried to convince Plainview folks by letter, newspaper appeals, and personal messenger. He failed to arouse interest. So he went there himself. Canvassing the countryside, he found an 8½-pound meteorite being used as a weight on a chicken coop. He gave a check to the owners. Money actually talks. When the neighborhood heard about the crazy stranger who would pay cash for certain stones, folks began to look. For ten years, a profusion of specimens poured into Dr. Nininger's laboratory. He had indisputably established the most prolific stony meteorite shower known.

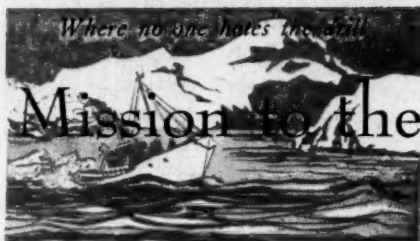
Another time, acting on behalf of Ford Motor Co. officials and for Trans-World Airlines, Dr. Nininger solved the puzzle of the pits. Thirty miles south of Meteor crater, pits had been observed from the air by a TWA pilot. Dr. Nininger concluded they represent-

ed the landing place of a meteorite swarm. Leading a party on horseback into the isolated area, he found 30 craters, ranging in diameter from a few yards to more than 300 feet, and 50 to 250 feet deep. They seemed to be of the approximate geologic age of the great Meteor crater. They lay in sandstone through which ground water ran. But the pits the pilot saw were not meteorite craters. The huge swarm of meteorites falling 30 miles north had blasted the ground with the force of block-busters. The ground tremor shook down the roofs of the limestone sinks, creating pits that would normally not have appeared for many more years.

The blast that formed Meteor crater crushed and scattered more than 300,000,000 tons of solid rock, circling the crater with a ridge of fragments averaging 150 feet high. About \$750,000 was spent in searching for the meteorites that made the chasm. From such expenditures came no material return. But silica or "rock flour" is now mined from the crater. Created by the shattering of sandstone when the meteorites smashed the ground, this flour is marketed as lining for smelters, for foundry molds, and for glass manufacture.

The American Meteorite museum is within sight of Meteor crater. No more fitting location could be found. Meteor crater is the best preserved, most perfect, and largest meteorite bowl known, and first to be recognized.





# Dental Mission to the Arctic

By BARNETT FOWLER

THE converted wooden mine sweeper, the 300-ton *Regina Polaris*, dropped its gangplank in Quebec, and weary passengers filed onto Canadian soil. Each had his memories of a roaring rendezvous with death; each had memories of a 10,000-mile odyssey which carried the ship into the remote Arctic, into contact with the Oblate Fathers of the Eskimo missions of Hudson Bay, the world-famous Mounties, traders, Eskimos, and government officials. There was, among those memories, even an Eskimo cannibal woman, 72-year-old Atta-goo-ta-look, whose experiences caused a sensation in the Far North a few years ago.

Aboard the ship was Dr. Louis B. Amyot of 9 N. Church St., Schenectady, N. Y. Dr. Amyot is a dental surgeon. To him the trip had been no idle jaunt; as acting medical officer aboard, he had put into active form a philosophy which originated during the 14 months he served with the Grenfell mission in Labrador in 1936 and 1937.

Curious, while in Labrador, over dental care given the people of the Far North, Dr. Amyot studied the problems facing those rugged individuals who labor long and hard in the desolation on top of the world. His inquiries

revealed that dental care was almost nonexistent; he learned that one of the Oblate Fathers once traveled 4,000 miles for relief from a toothache.

Four thousand miles! The discovery shocked Dr. Amyot. With such information his plans expanded. He found his opportunity in 1944, when he volunteered as an American citizen to serve in the Canadian Merchant Navy, visiting the Northwest Territories with the R.M.S. *Nascope* on Eastern Arctic patrols. The trip marked an important point in his life and in the lives of hundreds of Arctic residents, for on it he planned the fulfillment of a dream.

In 1946, at his own expense, he sent dental equipment to the only hospital at Chesterfield, a community on the barren and rocky western shore of Hudson Bay. In 1947 he went back on the *Regina Polaris*, and installed the equipment. The new clinic caught hold fast.

In the Hudson Bay area, wherein is located the largest Catholic vicariate in the world, one of 1,680,000 square miles, are the Eskimo missions, conducted by the Oblate Fathers. With them are six of the world-famous Gray Nuns, who conduct St. Theresa's hospital at Chesterfield. Those fine wom-

en, whose faith transcends the hardships of the primitive country, left a profound impression on Dr. Amyot. The 30 men and the six women who comprise the mission staff live a life of desolation in a land forsaken by everyone save God. Their fame is so strongly entrenched that Pope Pius XI said, "If I could go and see only one foreign mission, I would go and see yours, Hudson Bay."

In the long, cold and desperately lonely Arctic nights and days, those men and women carry the word of God to all within reach. Their courage is basic and unlimited. But they are only human. What affects their brethren in more comfortable climes affects them as well. When Father "X," for instance, stayed seven years at Igloolik, on northern Hudson Bay, he fought the personal sickness that came from decaying teeth and the misery that came from lack of facilities for treatment. Eventually he left Igloolik by dog team on Jan. 17, 1944, covered 1,000 miles by sled, and arrived at Churchill on May 14. Then another 1,000 miles by rail to Winnipeg. All told, his trip stretched over 11 months and 4,000 miles, just to visit a dentist.

The toothache of Father "X" is not unusual. The Eskimos, who now partake of the white man's softer food-stuffs, also complain of tooth decay. The Mounties, the Hudson Bay Co. personnel, trappers, traders—all have their troubles. Those are the people the Schenectady dentist wishes to help, and he is willing to spend his own time and money doing so. His Ches-

terfield clinic will take time and effort to develop into a full-scale operation where any ship's dental officer may work and render the best of service. His time is limited; his effort is not. He believes he can do the job and that the clinic eventually will benefit thousands. His efforts, now co-ordinated with those of the Canadian government, are bringing dental care and education to the region.

"My work with the Grenfell mission," says the Schenectady dentist, "showed me the need of the people. My studies of the books of Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell brought home the fact that I had witnessed and participated in the benevolence and humanity of this great man. It was the least I could do to try to expand it."

Routine dental work under the dramatic conditions afforded by the North has given Dr. Amyot a certain amount of fame. More tangible returns lie partially in his remarkable pictorial record of the North and in dental research results for sponsoring groups.

In the case of Atta-goo-ta-look, he carried not only the memory of this woman as he left the ship at Quebec, but photos and movie reels of her.

"Her cannibalism was a question of survival," is the way he explains her record. "She and her husband and two children left Hudson Bay and went into their winter camp. When no caribou came to the region the family probably first ate the dogs. Then the husband and children died from starvation. The old lady spent several months alone in the cold igloo, her



only company the dead bodies. She gradually consumed them and thus survived. Later she was found by Eskimos and brought back to Igloolik. A gruesome story, but indicative of the hardships. In the opening of our own West we have comparable tales."

Atta-goo-ta-look's age is uncommon. Pitiless conditions and exhaustion from the struggle for food mature Eskimos early, kill them at about 50. The ordinary Eskimo is an avid meat eater, devouring seal, walrus, polar bear, whale blubber and fish, frequently raw. Much of the same food, cooked, comprises the staples of missionaries.

Dr. Amyot's Canadian Merchant Navy patrols were aboard the *Nascopie* won him the Canadian War Medal. It was fortunate that his most recent trek was made on the *Regina* *Polaris*.

"We passed the *Nascopie* half submerged in the Hudson Bay Straits," said Dr. Amyot. "She struck a reef and went down."

However, the *Regina* had a close brush with destruction at Repulse Bay, on the "circle."

"Many think," said Dr. Amyot, "that weather originates in the North, but the gale that struck the *Regina* must have been the tail end of a Florida hurricane, for it came up from the South!"

The 300-ton vessel was caught by

70-mile-an-hour winds which churned waves 20 feet high. Capt. S. B. Rodda, a Cornwall Englishman, ordered anchor dropped, but it dragged. He then made for shore, and by almost unbelievable luck the ship rammed mud and clay, missing rocky reefs by scant yardage. During the storm 100 drums of high-test gasoline were jettisoned, but were saved when the sea tossed them ashore. Later, after riding out the furious storm, the ship was jockeyed off the mud bank much as a motorist would extricate his automobile from a snow drift.

The return trip was marked by a gesture typically hospitable of the North. The ship *Mary Sweeney* was sighted, rudderless, and was towed to Churchill. Captain Rodda then pushed the *Regina* full speed, beating the annual freeze-up by only three days!

Dr. Amyot has been over the Arctic circle twice, and one time penetrated more than 300 miles north of the magnetic North Pole. The vast caribou ranges, the thousands of Eskimos and their problems, the vastness of the country and its desolation—all this is part of the fascination of the trips undertaken by the Schenectady man. But uppermost is the establishment of the Chesterfield clinic for use by those who have no access to a service which civilization, farther south, considers commonplace.

✦  
 IN ROME, Pietro Secchia, second-in-command of the Italian Communist Party, said more than he intended when he eulogized his hero, Joseph Stalin, as a man "who can keep a smile on his lips when others lose their heads."

*Newsweek* (12 July '48).

# Cana Teaches Adventure

By GRETTA PALMER

Condensed from *Look*\*

**T**HE men and women streamed out of the meeting hall and paused to light cigarettes. They stopped to chat as people do when they are full of new ideas.

"Come back to our house and talk it over," urged a young girl. And a gray-haired man chuckled, "This is the most exciting thing that's hit town since Alcoholics Anonymous. Come to think of it, it's not so different. We were asked today to let God help solve our marriage difficulties, just as the AA's ask God's help to stop their drinking."

The speakers had just left their first all-day Cana Conference. They had been caught up in a movement that seeks to solve marriage problems in a "new" way, with the help of God. The couples who had just left the meeting were men and women of all ages, of all degrees of prosperity, of several religious denominations. And their reactions were typical of the couples in 45 cities who have joined the Cana movement.

Cana started only five years ago when Father John Delaney's class in religion met for a Family Renewal day. The husbands and wives who attended that meeting decided that "it

takes three, not two, to make love."

And out of that meeting grew the present Cana Conferences. They are now all-day events and are held semiannually in each town by specially trained priests, who can discuss budgets as well as theology. Throughout the rest of the year, Cana is kept alive by laymen. And now many towns have Pre-Cana Conferences that deal with the special problems of engaged couples.

Avoiding divorce is only one of Cana's objectives; its leaders aim far higher than that. "Marriage," says Father John Egan of Chicago, "was meant to be an adventure. But it rarely is. There are millions of good people married, but most of them have failed to achieve a good marriage. Couples who never even considered a legal divorce may live wearily and unhappily under the same roof. They have gone through a *spiritual* divorce in secret."

The Cana movement is spreading to all denominations. In an Illinois town, after a successful Cana Conference at the Catholic church, the Methodists invited the visiting priest to hold a conference for them. In more than 20 cities, Jewish husbands and wives, as well as Protestants, attend the regular Cana meetings. In St. Louis, a

\*511 5th Ave., New York City, 17. July 6, 1948.

Protestant enthusiast organized three all-Protestant groups to hear Father Edward Dowling, the man who gave the movement its name. "Christ's first miracle was wrought at Cana, when He turned the water into wine at a wedding feast, thus blessing and sanctifying the marriage institution for all time," Father Dowling explains.

A typical Cana Conference usually starts out with a big breakfast to help people get acquainted. It is served at small tables for greater informality. Husband and wife are asked to sit together throughout the day.

The first talk explains the principal Cana theory, why religion is needed for a marriage to succeed. "Marriage is a supernatural relationship," the speaker says. "It can be fulfilled only with the help of God's grace. Mere 'education for marriage' is not sufficient: there have never been so many marriage preparation courses in all history as American colleges have offered in the last ten years, nor so many books on marital success; yet our divorce rate doubled in that period."

The director then plunges into the heart of the matter. Love, according to Aristotle, is the "union of two wills." In Christianity it is more than that. It is the "union of two souls" who worship God. This ideal is a difficult one, for which 50 years of marriage may not be too much. But by that time, a couple should have a true union on all levels: physical, intellectual, spiritual. They may even have begun to look alike.

"Love between a man and woman

lasts only if it has a religious support," the Cana couples are told. "Take your faith, however weak it may be, and put it to work in helping your marriage to succeed."

Cana thus assumes, as Alcoholics Anonymous does, that those who attend are willing to admit the existence of a personal God, to whom an appeal for help can reasonably be directed. Since a recent Gallup poll showed that 94% of all Americans do believe in God, disbelief is not likely to be an obstacle.

As the day progresses, the talks turn from the spiritual side of marriage to all kinds of day-by-day stumbling blocks. Cana speakers pull no punches. One talk discusses the physical aspect of marriage in some detail, with a warning against frigidity and false shame. Another speech urges that joy is a Christian command: family feasts and celebrations are quite as important in the home as the cheerful endurance of pain. And from time to time the talks are interrupted for lunch, a question hour, Benediction. Last comes a group marriage service, in which all the couples renew their marriage vows before the altar.

Case histories show that those who attend the conferences are very likely to hear, at some time in the day, words that will set them to unraveling a problem that had bewildered them. Mr. and Mrs. B., for example, were young, and their marriage was hanging by a thread. Mrs. B. was looking up trains to Reno, and her husband was deeply involved in a flirtation at

the office. The B.'s were Catholics, but they were also products of the Scott Fitzgerald age. There was nothing you could tell *them* about sex that they hadn't read and discussed with their friends. Sexual attraction was the very basis of their marriage, the only basis. That was wrong.

"Sex is good *in* itself but not *by* itself," according to a Cana saying. Cana philosophy teaches that sexual pleasures do not last unless they are the expression of a union which has a much deeper basis than sex. A man and woman need some other common interest if they are to be kept together. If it is bridge or big-game hunting, good. But such interests can be outgrown, and are not large enough to fill the human heart. The best common interest for a man and wife to share is God.

"The couples who pray together stay together," the Cana director told the B.'s. That embarrassed them as no discussion of sex could have done. But it impressed them, too. The B.'s began to see that this marriage, which they had been ready to dismiss as a failure, hadn't really begun.

Mrs. Y. had found her marriage vaguely disappointing. "Is this all?" she said to herself, from time to time. "Is this all I'm to have?" She saw a great many movies, read romantic novels by the dozen. She compared her unromantic, bald husband with the courtly Clark Gable and the gallant Robert Young. She had cloudy ideas in the back of her mind that some day a more fascinating man would come

along, sweep her off her feet and marry her. Then she would "really begin to live."

Nonetheless, out of curiosity, she induced Mr. Y. to attend a Cana Sunday. Anything that promised to treat of love was interesting to the sentimental Mrs. Y. But that Sunday changed her life.

"No couple can even begin to make a successful marriage as long as either of them keeps a back door of escape open in his mind," the priest was saying. And Mrs. Y. snapped to attention, began to listen hard. "The first way to make a marriage begin to work is to nail shut the back door of divorce, and decide that happiness is to be achieved in *this* marriage and in no other. We marry for the duration just as soldiers fight for the duration."

Mrs. Y. felt this was meant for her. She reached over and patted her husband's hand. For the first time in 12 years of married life, she began to live in the present moment and to wonder how the hard-working, slow-speaking Mr. Y. might feel. She learned. That week he sent her the first orchid she had been given in years.

Husbands learn things at the Cana Conferences, too. The faults of husbands, based on the reports of wives, are constantly threshed out. Men are urged at Cana sessions to let their wives fuss over them when they are ill. They are told to arrange their thoughts on the drive home from the office, so that they will have something interesting to talk about with their wives.

Cana directors take up the cudgel for wives on another important point. "The commonest form of bigamy today consists in a man's love affair with his business. It often forces his marriage into second place in his affections," they say. "No business achievement can be as important as the building of a marriage in which, 25 years after the wedding, the husband and wife occasionally sit up until three o'clock because they are having such fun talking to each other that they can't bear to stop!"

The conferences and other activities are usually organized by husbands and wives who band together and find a meeting place. They then ask a Cana priest to visit them for their first semi-annual conference. Between conferences, the members themselves keep the spirit alive. The St. Louis group has a weekly forum, where marital problems are threshed out. Some cities have their own weekly radio program. The Chicago Cana group has a monthly magazine, the *Couplet*.

In many cities, informal weekly gatherings are held in the homes of members. Some groups maintain a fund to help pay doctors' bills for new babies. Occasionally they invite psychologists and doctors to give them expert advice. And, though the all-day conferences usually include a grab-bag assortment of couples, the living-room forums are grouped so that well-matched couples with similar back-

grounds can discuss their problems together.

Many newcomers to Cana are thrilled by the prospect of a new kind of married life. But can the Cana ideal, a perfect union in intellectual, physical and spiritual matters, be achieved? Yes, but only through love and sacrifice, says Cana philosophy. The will, guided by reason, illuminated by prayer, can turn any marriage into a beautiful adventure, Cana followers tell you.

And it works! At least some thousands of couples say so. One woman decided she would no longer try to cure her husband's bad temper. She would accept his outbursts and offer them to God as a penance. One day she suddenly realized his bad temper had cured itself! Another wife who had been painfully proud of her spotless house refrained from fussing around her husband's ash trays and crumpled newspapers. She found her husband was able, for the first time in years, to talk over his business worries with her.

"I learned the difference between a good marriage and a marriage between people who are trying to be good separately," wrote an astute wife. And that is what the Cana movement tries to do. Put marriage back in its place as a vocation, a means of life and a sacrament—a vocation whose problems can best be met and solved in an attitude of worship and prayer.

♦  
**EVEN** if you are on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (3 Jan. '48).





*They eat chocolate*

## Police Dogs of Russia

By an AMVD Frontier Guard Officer

Condensed from the *Lithuanian Bulletin\**

I WAS senior lieutenant of the Soviet NKVD Frontier Guard Forces at the age of 20. Our work in guarding the borders was made efficient by the use of dogs imported from Germany on a mass scale during a dozen years before the last war. They became one of the most reliable pillars of the Soviet regime—and I do not overstate.

Large dog-training kennels are operated by the NKVD in the larger Soviet cities, Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, and Rostov. Special NKVD schools are located near the dog-training centers. Tens of thousands of trained wolfhounds and police dogs perform their "loyal and diligent service" in Stalin's empire, both in the interior and along the frontiers.

Dogs are assigned to all NKVD units and to the People's Militia, uniformed police. All of the numerous concentration camps of the Soviet Union have bloodhounds and trained "flesh tearers." Frequently, the beasts are used in the prison camps to "train" the victims among the prisoner personnel and to keep up the dogs' own ferocious efficiency. A prisoner song popular in all of Russia says, "We tried

to flee but grey dogs nabbed us." During the war, the dogs were assigned to many Red Army units for special duty.

Trained dogs performed most unusual missions at the front, even destroying German tanks. A box of explosives with a short magnetic antenna would be tied to the dog's back. When the charged dog leaped at an approaching tank, the explosion destroyed both tank and dog. The dogs were accustomed to firing, having been trained under combat conditions for many months. They would race across the battlefield and lay in wait for the approaching tank. When the tank came near, the dog would leap literally into death "for Stalin and the Motherland" to perform its last duty.

I recall a battle near Kharkov where I saw those dogs in action. They attacked the tanks with such ferocity that the fellow lying next to me forgot his own safety and remarked bitterly, "There, that's the way we shall crawl under a tank for Stalin."

Stubbornly determined to promote dog culture, the Soviet regime created not only special dog-training schools but dog clubs. In them, the elite audi-

\*235 Broadway, New York City, 7. March-April, 1948.

ence listens to lectures on dog training, feeding diets, first aid, and heroism. Here one can exchange his personal pet for another or purchase a pup. No ordinary Soviet citizen can afford to purchase a wolfhound pup: before the war, one cost 750 to 800 rubles, while an average kolkhoz dweller earned only 400 rubles a year.

The life of an NKVD dog is better than that of an ordinary Soviet subject, in rations and living accommodations.

Just as every cavalryman is given a horse, so every Soviet Frontier Guardsman has a dog under his care. Woe unto him who should fail to take proper care of his dog!

Dogs assigned to the frontier units are trained by closely guarded secret methods. When assigned to frontier guard duty they must be at least five years old. Their accomplishments are unbelievable to a person who has not worked with them. Special quarters are provided for the men and dogs. Each dog has his own house; each receives 600 grams of fresh meat daily. Furthermore, every dog receives a ration of white bread, considered a great luxury in the Soviet Union, cream, and a piece of chocolate or sugar for dessert. I recall a complaint I received once. One of my troopers reported that his first sergeant had sent his dog's chocolate rations to the village for his own wife and children, while the poor dog did not taste chocolate for two days.

Each dog is fed by his own master. The dog is trained to accept food *only* from the master. The soldier must

make sure that the meat given his dog is fresh. It is explained to the troopers that a dog eating stale flesh might overeat and get sick, and when sick it may not notice an approaching spy attempting to enter the Soviet Union.

The Soviet frontiers are guarded by several waves of troops. The first sentinels are quartered 700 to 1,000 meters from the frontier line. From here they man their frontier outposts, which are protected by barbed wire. The dogs lurk on guard duty in the rear. They lie in spots difficult to detect, for no men are seen near them. In summer, the dogs must lie motionless three to four hours; in winter, up to two hours. They replace each other without any human assistance. A relief guard simply unleashes his animal, which trots out to its post. When the relief dog approaches, the dog on duty leaves its place and runs back to its quarters. The relief dog remains to lie in his lurking position until relieved by another.

In the rear of the dog outpost line, there is another line manned by troopers with the assistance of dogs. No human being or beast can hide himself or itself as effectively as a watchdog, and dog pickets are a "must" in wooded areas or fields of weeds. Persons attempting to cross the Iron Curtain usually select wooded spots or overgrown fields, and meet sudden death or capture.

The dog sentinel will never attack a person going past: he invariably permits his victim to pass and follows him. The dog stealthily approaches

from the right side, so that he can determine whether the man carries a pistol. When the victim approaches an open spot, the dog strikes the man lightning quick, felling\* him to the ground, and the man is helpless.

I have seen many such attacks on men, and no man ever managed to defend himself. Ordinarily the man loses his balance by the suddenness of the attack. In 1940, in the area of my outpost on the Lithuanian-German frontier, a distance of two kilometers, the dogs either killed or rendered helpless two or three persons weekly, mostly persons fleeing from Lithuania.

As it strikes the victim, the dog emits a peculiar yelp which summons others to its assistance. The dog holds

the man by the throat, pinning him to the ground. Only when a man attempts to rise or fight does the dog slash his throat.

When the yelping signal is heard, the troopers on guard immediately unleash more dogs and rush to the spot themselves. The dogs are trained so well that those in the immediate neighborhood abandon their posts and rush toward the neighboring dog's call. When the relief dogs see that the man is safely pinned down, they return to their posts. If the dog needs help, they attack the man.

During my entire service with NKVD frontier troops there was never an instance of a man escaping, killing or attacking one of our dogs.



### *Sisters Are Different*

ONE of our 3rd-graders asked another, "What's the difference between parochial and public school, anyway?"

His classmate spoke up. "Well, it's like this. If you get sore in public school the teacher says count to ten, but if you get angry in parochial school Sister tells you to say the Hail Mary."

Tom Barrett.



JO ANN had been an active preschool child. She had no time to close doors, no time to say "Please" or "Thank you," no time to walk through the house: she had to run.

Then she started to school. Almost overnight she changed, saying "Thank you" and "Please," closing doors after her. She walked through the house. The change was so noticeable that Jo Ann's mother asked her, "Does Sister teach you politeness?" Jo Ann answered, "No, mother."

A pause. "Jo Ann, doesn't Sister ever tell you how to be polite?"

"No, mother. She just walks around and we feel polite."

Mrs. Marie B. Bristowe in the *Franciscan Message* (July '48).

# *Bill Jackson on Education*

By THOMAS E. O'CONNELL

Condensed from a broadcast\*

**T**HE slow progress of the commuters' train gave ample time for leisurely conversation the day a gentleman from Clifton sat down beside me, and I filed the ensuing discussion away in my memory.

After the customary greetings, he said, "Father, I experienced something today which was at least slightly unusual." I nodded to show my interest, and he continued, "At lunch time I was walking to a restaurant when I noticed a small crowd gathered at a corner. I walked over to see what was happening, and found a curbstone radio reporter asking questions of passers-by, and giving away the usual boxes of crackers or breakfast food. I stopped to listen for a moment and hearing the same run-of-mine queries, 'How many letters are there in the alphabet and why?' 'How many state capitals begin with Z?' and the like, I turned to be on my way.

"Then this unusual roving questioner for some reason or other came up with a new one. He asked a lady, 'What is the purpose of life?' Hardly believing my ears, I waited for the answer. With a puzzled hurt look, the victim pushed off through the onlookers without a try at the answer. A few

others were asked the question and not one strove to give the solution. Suddenly a little boy pushed towards the microphone, his face beaming as if he knew the answer. The radio man asked him his name and said, 'Can you tell me, sonny, what is the purpose of life?'

"The boy, some eight or nine years old, said, not without embarrassment, 'We are here to know God, to love God, and to serve God in this world, and to be forever happy with Him in the next.' Several of the people began to clap their hands, and the announcer said, 'Where do you go to school, sonny?' 'I'm in the 3rd grade at Sacred Heart,' he replied, and of course received his prizes.

"I don't know much about parochial schools, Father," Mr. Jackson continued, "but I was rather proud of that little chap."

"Well," I said, "it showed that he had studied his catechism, or at least the very first lesson, where the boy's answer can be found. You know, the catechism, with its rather dry questions and answers, is like a skeleton. The child in our schools studies it from the very 1st grade and then gradually adds the flesh and blood of further

\**Hour of Faith, National Council of Catholic Men, 1312 Massachusetts Ave. N. W., Washington, 5, D. C. Aug. 8, 1948. American Broadcasting Co.*

reading and study, through the grades and high school; and adds the clothing through college and life, to make himself a being ready to live a full life in this world and a perfect one in eternity. But at the very core of being and of life is God and His truth; they likewise must be the very beginning of knowledge and education."

"I know that to be true," said Mr. Jackson, "but don't your Catholic schools overemphasize the supernatural at the expense of the more material side of education? While you put the accent on religion don't you let the three R's and science and history and all the rest fend for themselves?"

"Nothing," I replied, "could be further from the truth. We strive in every way to give the best possible training in letters and arithmetic and science, for the human side of the child, but permeating every class is the theme, 'You must grow to be good, loyal, intelligent citizens of this world, but only to become good citizens of eternity.'"

"Do you realize, Mr. Jackson," I continued, "just how much it costs us American Catholics to keep up our schools so that they are on a par with other schools?"

"I have no idea, Father," he said.

"Well, we have in the U. S. some 221 colleges, with more than 220,000 students; almost 1,700 high schools, with 500,000 students; and more than 8,200 elementary schools with almost 3 million students. There is well over \$1 billion invested in those institutions and their equipment. It is estimated somewhat roughly that it costs around

\$200 million annually to operate them."

"But, of course," Mr. Jackson interrupted, "the Church has a great central fund to support all its endeavors, hasn't it?"

"No, Mr. Jackson," I said, "this is the amazing thing. Every one of our colleges, academies, and parochial schools stands on its own. Our only central fund is the billfold of your nearest Catholic neighbor."

"Still we Catholics gladly pay our taxes for our public schools, loving education as we do, and desirous of having our schools furnish the best possible education to our American youth. But you can readily realize what a sacrifice we make to keep our own schools going. And one other startling item. We have more than 100,000 Sisters and more than 10,000 priests and Brothers teaching in our schools.

The average salary of the Sisters is between \$40 and \$50 a month. Suppose they were paid the very minimum salary of other teachers, let us put it at \$1,500 a year. It would cost \$1½ billion annually to meet the bill. Yet gladly and cheerfully, making melody in their hearts to God, those wonderful men and women give their services at a pitiful cost so that they may make our children the best Americans and the best Christians they can.

"I always recall the remark made in a leper hospital in China by a Sister who was seen washing the sores of one of the patients as he lay dying. A visitor looked at the Sister and said, 'I wouldn't do that for \$1 million.'



Calmly the nun answered, 'Neither would I.'

"No money could reward adequately the services of the teachers in our schools, but to them the love of God and of their pupils is remuneration enough. They do this because they believe that schools founded on the theory that religion is not essential in education will have an unhappy effect on Catholic children as well as all children. Professor Phelps said once that religion is either the most important thing in life or it is nothing. The school must teach a child how to live but education that leaves out God is leaving out the very purpose of life."

"Perhaps, Father," Mr. Jackson then said, "your views are somewhat colored by the fact that you yourself always attended a Catholic school."

"No," I replied, "that is not so. There were certain circumstances which made it necessary for me to attend both public elementary and public high school. Of them I have only the fondest memories, but looking back I see that there was always something missing. I went to Sunday school, of course, but the others were like attending Hamlet, without Hamlet, and afterwards having to listen to his soliloquies, apart from the drama. When you enter a classroom in a parochial school you see first the crucifix and then the maps of the world, and you see them in the relation of the Creator and the created. You open your literature book and you find a beautiful madonna on one page and some English classic on the other. You

see the proper relation between the divine Word and the written word. Through your classes in arithmetic and history and geography you learn many facts which develop your power of thinking, your memory, and your imagination, but you are likewise led nearer to that supreme Intelligence which is the source of all truth."

The train had stopped for a few moments, and looking out of the window we recognized the little group of homes called Fairfax Station. The next stop was Clifton, but a few more curves and cinders away. Mr. Jackson stood up. "Could I have one final word?" I said, and he nodded in acquiescence. "When we have our Community Fund drive every year," I continued, "with its 30 or more agencies, for an entire week everyone is invited to visit one or more of them; and to sell the fund, we use the slogan, 'Come and see.' It would be indeed a downright pleasure for us to say the same thing about our schools. In the good old American way of seeing before judging, we would be happy to have you and your neighbors when you pass one of our schools drop in and look around. Who knows, you may make some valuable suggestion for our help, but at least I am sure you will find a somewhat broader appreciation of what we are trying to do. As the governor of Virginia said some years ago, when he came to dedicate our school, and walked down through rows of children waving American flags, 'I never saw in any school such devotion to the banner of our country.'"

"Pop-ularity"



# POP Goes America

By ART BROMIRSKI

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal*\*

**P**OP is part of our American way of life, symbolic of many things: an afternoon at a baseball game, Sunday at the zoo, a day at the circus. How Americans love the stuff! In bottled form alone the U. S. annually imbibes some 17 billion bottles, an average of 125 per person.

The terms soda water and pop are often used interchangeably. There is, however, a classical distinction. Soda water is a misnomer, for there isn't any soda in it and there hasn't been for more than a century. Actually it is just ordinary water charged with carbon-dioxide gas under pressure. Pop, on the other hand, is soda water flavored with syrup and sugar.

Soda water first came from springs which had naturally carbonated water. Throughout the ages people have credited nature's punch with medicinal value and used it for rheumatism, gout, digestive disorders and a long line of other ailments. Some springs achieved world fame, Karlsbad, Vichy (whence "vichy" water), Nieder Selters (whence the original *Seltzerwasser* or seltzer water) and Saratoga, and became places of pilgrimage for the sick.

To bring the questionable benefit of such waters to people the world over, scientists long tried to imitate nature and produce artificially carbonated water. Finally, in 1772, Dr. Joseph Priestly, an English chemist, succeeded.

But honors for pop go to Townsend Speakman, a Philadelphia druggist. Somewhere near 1800, Dr. Philip Syng Physick, father of American surgery, asked Speakman to prepare soda water for some of his patients. The flat taste of the carbonated Delaware didn't appeal to the Philadelphia pill roller and he conceived the idea of making it palatable by flavoring it with fruit juices and sugar. Speakman's new drink found favor among sick and healthy alike. Opening a dispensing stand in his apothecary at 2nd and Market Sts., he became the first soda jerk in history, establishing the precedent of soda fountains in drugstores.

Pop grew up in an atmosphere of pills, poultices and patent medicines, and its popularity has a traditional tie with things pharmaceutical. Since its invention, druggists have found it a profitable source of direct income as well as a means of attracting customers

\*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. June, 1948.

for capsules, tonics and lozenges. Most of the basic developments in soda dispensing came from the ranks of prescription fillers.

Many early manufacturers of carbonating apparatus and bottled pop were ex-pharmacists who deserted their mortars and pestles for ades and phosphates. The first marble soda apparatus was engineered and constructed by a Boston pharmacist, G. D. Dows. And almost any soda-fountain gadget you can name is traceable to a 19th-century drugstore. Despite all criticism, pop belongs in drugstores.

Not until Speakman's beverage began to be manufactured on a commercial scale in 1835 did it earn its explosive name. From then until the start of this century soda popped, and not always gently. Early methods of production of bottled pop were crude, and time and again the product acted like an atom bomb, with a soft-drink plant as its Bikini. A veteran pop worker could easily be identified by the bottle scars he wore.

To the fright and delight of onlookers, many a wagonload of sarsaparilla and cocoa cream erupted en route to its destination. The bursting of a single bottle usually set off a chain reaction which sent everyone scurrying. Decanters that survived manufacture and transportation without fission weren't entirely harmless. The spring stoppers with which they were capped were like proximity fuses and detonated upon the slightest provocation.

Nor was the popping confined to the bottled beverage. Establishments

which made their own soft drinks helped contribute the name. Carbonating apparatus, usually kept in cellars, was far from perfect, and sipping pop at a soda fountain was always an adventure. There was no telling when something might happen. Many a soda business was given an unexpected lift as the gas-producing mechanism clogged, built up pressure, and finally rose skyward.

Shortly after 1900 pop became silent. Improved carbonation, production of bottles, and the crown method of capping harnessed the effervescent energy at fountains and in bottles, inaugurating an almost noiseless era. Now and then during the last 48 years a bottle of pop or a soda fountain has been known to blow its top but in general all has been relatively quiet on the soft-drink front.

Some enthusiastic baseball fans have a mistaken notion that the name *pop* is somehow linked up with the ancient diamond custom of popping an umpire with a bottle. There has been a close association between our favorite national pastime and beverage ever since the game began, but the name of the latter has nothing to do with the former. Though there is no record of the first use of a pop bottle as a message to an umpire, the practice seems to be as old as the game itself. The method of disposing of the glass containers had become such an evil by 1906 that it was a major topic of discussion at the annual meeting of American League officials. President Johnson threatened to ban pop from

baseball if the tossing practice continued. Although the immemorial misusage has never stopped, pop has never been banned from any major-league park.

Our great-grandparents took to pop like a duck takes to water. But they did practically all of their soft drinking away from home, at soda fountains in drugstores and at circuses, carnivals, and fairs, and shied away from home consumption. For this reason 100,000 soda fountains in 1900 did a rollicking business, while sales of bottled pop amounted to only 12 bottles per person per year and did not appreciably increase until prohibition. And yesterday drinking was almost wholly confined to summer.

To compensate for loss of revenue in pop off-season months, soda fountains started selling "hot soda." This was hot, but not soda. It consisted of such hot drinks as coffee, cocoa, tea, chocolate, beef broth, clam juice. Thus began the evolution of soda fountain into luncheonette.

Prohibition marked the turning point in the history of pop. Many taverns and bars were converted into soda fountains. Tilting jars of raspberry and cherry syrup replaced the taps for Ruppert's and Trommer's. Old-timers wept openly as they gazed through the windows of their favorite saloons and watched customers sipping lemon phosphates and daintily biting into cream-cheese sandwiches where once, with one leg on a brass rail, they down-

ed their Pilsner and munched pretzels and hard salami. Sales of pop zoomed as the public quenched a hard thirst with ales and beers of the ginger and root varieties.

A lot of people bought pop for the sake of the bottle to store a homemade beverage, quite popular in the 20's, which could scarcely come under the heading of soft drinks. The pop industry soon found itself running short of containers, and there arose a lively black market in bottles. During this period the practice of charging a deposit for bottles became firmly established. Jack Benny's start in radio came on a beverage program in which he plugged so hard for the return of bottles that he was known as "Nickel-back-on-the-bottle Benny."

Despite the bottle situation, sales of pop continued to increase until 1929. With the depression they slumped, but not for long. The repeal of prohibition, bitterly opposed by a section of the soft-drink industry who felt that if the wets succeeded their business would be ruined, once again sent sales spiraling upward.

But by the year 1936 pop had surpassed its 1929 standing and it has continued to grow by leaps and bounds.

Today more than 2 million establishments in the U. S. sell pop. Americans spend hundreds of billions each year for their favorite flavors and there's no mistaking the fact that they are completely sold on pop.



## William Sampson: *Irish-American*

By DANE KNIGHT

Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*

AS A SMALL group of young dandies lounged on the steps of the Belfast Court House listening to the amusing chatter of William Sampson, barrister, none of them could have guessed that he was soon to become a force for American Catholic liberty as well as a living martyr to Irish freedom. He was born the son of a prosperous Protestant clergyman in 1764 in Londonderry. Reared in a tight caste of English nobility in Ireland, he blindly followed its manners, morals, political prejudices, and religious bigotry. Not yet 30, he had a respectable legal practice. His inherited land holdings made him a conservative member of the propertied classes. His friends included only the socially and politically prominent.

But a different life lay before him. It began with his defense of a man whom he had never seen before; with whose religion, politics, or social status he was not concerned. All Sampson knew was that a brother Irishman's head was almost in the noose.

His courtroom etiquette was blunt as he charged the judges, "And what is the crime for which you wish to hang this man? That he has taken the allegedly treasonable oath of the United Irishmen? If such be punishable

by hanging, let me be tried with the prisoner, for I, in open court, make the same vow." And before the shocked jurists, Sampson raised his right hand and forcefully repeated, "In the presence of God, I will persevere to form a brotherhood of affection amongst Irishmen of every religious persuasion, and to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the peoples of Ireland."

The awed judges strained to catch a word of treason; but finding none, they reluctantly set the prisoner free. Among themselves, however, they put him down as a changed man, one to be watched. What caused this transformation? Sampson himself often pondered over his political conversion, and once attempted to explain it.

"I had no ties with the United Irishmen, except my sympathies for humanity. It certainly was not by interest, since all my hopes for advancement lay the other way. But manhood could not endure to see such sights as I saw. It shocked me to see hundreds of thousands of my countrymen—among whom were many possessing all the purity and virtue that could adorn their species—branded as traitors and living at the mercy of the veriest and vilest scoundrels."

\**Notre Dame, Ind. June 12, 1948.*



In his self-examination Sampson jettisoned practically all of his life's code except his Presbyterian religion. Even his creed he revalued, and, stripping it to the essentials, found that his religion, if practiced, carried him far along the same road as other faiths. His pen spoke as spiritedly as his tongue. Provocative, attention-attracting letters began biting the English from the Belfast *Northern Star*. And many an English "lobster back" turned lobster-faced when snatches of Sampson's rollicking verses from *The Lion of Old England* leaked out from tavern walls.

Possibly Sampson's twisting of the British lion's tail would have been overlooked—for he still had powerful friends in England—if he had not started a daring campaign to let all the world know the horrors of English rule. He set out to collect eyewitness affidavits of the mounting atrocities of the terror of '98, with the intention of smuggling them out of the country and publishing them. Backed by his legal acumen, stenographic skill, and vitriolic pen, Sampson filled his dispatch bags rapidly with sworn and credible tales as he dogged the footsteps of such judges as the one called the Walking Gallows.

But when an informer's word reached high government quarters about the growing file of documented brutalities, the rulers acted vengefully. While Sampson was traveling, agents of the notorious Battalion of Information ransacked his home. They did not find the documents. Chagrined, an

officer of the despised Cavan militia shouted to the crowd gathered in the street, "This man known as Sampson is really a spy. He is a general in the French army."

Those charges startled even the Irish imagination. Sampson was but 34 years old, and his only connection with the French empire was his discarded courtroom wig. But the accusation was sufficient for the English to obtain a treason warrant against him.

The word traveled quicker than the warrant. Sampson took refuge in the last place the English thought of looking for him, England. But he learned that unless he surrendered himself and went into exile the Crown would proceed against his patriot friends, Robert Emmet, Daniel O'Connell, and Edward Fitzgerald. Accordingly, he chose to sacrifice himself and to let the freedom movement go forward. Sampson surrendered himself for exile.

He lay deathly ill in the Bridewell arguing with the Crown over the terms of the exile. His first choice was America. "Impossible," snapped the Crown. Rather, Sampson must choose a country "not unfriendly to England." Such a restriction stunned him; but his humor sustained him as he replied, "Give me time, gentlemen, for such a premise is indeed difficult to comply with."

After painful deliberation he chose Portugal; but he often wondered if he would survive his English prison long enough to begin his sentence. The infected dungeon blighted his lungs. He wasted into "more of a specter than a

human being." Once a "doctor" trudged to the heavily boarded cell. The "doctor's" prescription: board up the remaining crack in Sampson's cell door!

In 1799 Sampson started his weary exile. Arriving in Portugal, he was again searched, seized, and imprisoned. He correctly guessed that English agents were still after the atrocity documents. From Portugal he was summarily shipped to Germany.

Sampson survived a shipwreck and landed in Hamburg. His homeless feet trudged the dust of France and Germany for six years. Wherever he went, he was vigilantly tracked, his mail snatched, his luggage pilfered. Those searches gave him the full realization that the exile "in a country not unfriendly to England" meant constant surveillance. He never ceased trying to make his way to America.

July 4, 1806, was a great day for William Sampson, and a great day for the U. S. On that day Sampson arrived in New York City. Within a few days he visited the law courts. He was astounded because many courts still often slavishly followed the English law and custom instead of formulating American law based on American principles.

He wielded his legal jawbone vigorously in cases involving freedom of the press, and freedom of speech; but his greatest strength was engendered in defending cases challenging religious bigotry. He had been in the country less than a decade when he volunteered as defense counsel in a criminal case

which engraved his name permanently on the records as a mold of Catholic religious liberty.

The famous case began simply. A New Yorker reported to the police the theft of some household goods; but soon returned to the station house to say that the goods had been returned through the intervention of Father Anthony Kohlmann, S.J., rector of St. Peter's church. The energetic police demanded that Father Kohlmann name the thief. Father Kohlmann refused, saying that his only knowledge of the affair came through the confessional, which he held secret. The police insisted, and Father Kohlmann was brought before the court.

To Father Kohlmann and Sampson the outcome looked dark. Against them were many long-standing precedents in English and European law which allowed courts to probe into the secrets of the confessional. On June 8, 1813, Father Kohlmann and Lawyer Sampson gravely waited the beginning of the trial. District Attorney Gardiner, who did not relish the duty of questioning Father Kohlmann, asked the expected question, "Reverend Kohlmann, what do you know about this case?"

Father Kohlmann answered slowly, "Sir, I have no direct information. My only knowledge of it comes from what I heard in sacred and secret confession. And, if I am called upon to testify in the quality of the minister of a sacrament, in which my God Himself has enjoined on me a perpetual and unavoidable secrecy, I must declare to

this honorable Court that I cannot answer.

"And it would be my duty to prefer instantaneous death, or any other temporal misfortune, rather than to disclose the name of the penitent. For were I to act otherwise, I should become a traitor to my Church, and to my sacred ministry, and to my God."

The district attorney quickly pressed his arguments. Every citizen, he maintained, has the duty to disclose private knowledge for the public good. He spoke at length about the English precedents. Further, he argued, if the Catholic position were upheld, Catholics would "be superior in the eyes of the law" since other faiths do not have similar doctrines. And finally, the prosecutor pictured the possible outcome of "a conspiracy of silence," with crime becoming rampant. "If the priest remains silent" he concluded, "crime remains unpunished."

When Sampson rose for the defense plea he had much damage to repair, and much new law to build. Of the precedents, Sampson saltily asked, were they not of English origin, and of pre-Revolutionary-war vintage? But he did not joke where the loyalty of Catholics was impugned. A testimonial quoting General Washington was introduced, in which the first President unstintingly praised the Catholic soldiers for their conduct as citizens. Adroitly, the lawyer continued the discussion in contrasting fallible man-administered law with genuine devout penance.

"If the hardened sinner can be

brought to bow his stubborn spirit and kneel before his frail fellow man; and to seek salvation through repentance, there is more to be gained than by the bloodiest spectacle of terror, though his limbs were broken on the wheel."

Sampson did not tax time with a long plea; but closed his discussion simply. "I challenge for the Catholic the right to love his Church in manner similar to the way I love mine—above all others. And I should despise him as I should myself, if force or violence should make him swerve from any tenet of religion which he held sacred. When Christ had put the Sadducees to silence, He was still tempted by a cunning lawyer, asking which was the greatest commandment. Mark His answer, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

The distinguished justices were not long in announcing their decision. De Witt Clinton, speaking for them, prefaced the opinion by saying, "Although we differ from the witness and his brethren in our religious creed, we believe that Father Kohlmann's conduct has been marked by a laudable regard for the laws of his country, and for the duties of his holy office."

With a nod toward Sampson, the court continued: "Religion is an affair between God and man, and not between man and man. The laws which regulate religion must be left to the supreme Being, not to the unhallowed intrusion of frail and fallible mortals."

The court did not have such kind words for the arguments of the district attorney. "This court can never coun-

tenance or authorize application of insult to anyone's faith, or of the torture to his conscience. Accordingly the case is dismissed."

In his declining years Sampson decided to move to Washington, to spend his sunset years in a milder climate. They were as peaceful as his middle years had been turbulent. He had served the cause of religious liberty well. For, as a result of his pleadings, the New York State Legislature passed

a law providing, "No minister or priest shall be allowed to disclose any confession made to him in his professional character."

Other states quickly copied that tolerant law. Many of Sampson's other early cases showing true American concepts of liberty were quoted and used as precedent until they have become firmly rooted in the U. S. way of life. He died Dec. 28, 1836, at the age of 73.



### *I Shall Never Forget It*

THE palms of my hands were damp, my legs trembled, and my apprehension mounted alarmingly, as one more figure came ducking out from behind the curtain which covered the gloomy interior of the first confessional I had ever approached. I had been well instructed by my parish priest, but his reassuring advice had fled from my mind. The "last moment" came at last. There was no one, now, between me and that dark cavern. The darkness engulfed me as I somehow moved into that Great Unknown! A low murmuring reached me through the wall before which I knelt. Then, a muffled scraping sound, and another, clearer, and simultaneous with the opening of a dim patch of light before me—a deep breath, and I heard a strange voice, my own, whisper, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned : . . this is my first confession . . ." I stumbled through my brief recital, and then, that dreaded moment! What would he say?

What did priests say, anyway? I have often wondered since, whether other priests under similar circumstances are as inspired as was this one, for several minutes later I emerged out of the dark into light, not only literally but in a deeper, spiritual sense as well. I scarcely remember what followed his first words, but those I shall never forget. Perfect, simple, beautiful, characterizing the inexhaustible treasure I have never since ceased to find in the Church which has become my true home. Those words were, "Welcome to your Father's House!"

Thelma Hall.

Readers are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay \$25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we can't return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.

*Ever heard of them?*

# NEW USES FOR



# RARE ELEMENTS

By

DALLAS T. HURD

Condensed from  
*Science Studies\**

A BOTTLE of stuff can sit on some chemist's shelf for years without anyone giving it a second glance, and then suddenly become new and sensational. Great new industries are founded to exploit it, it becomes a household word, and in five or ten years people wonder how they ever got along without it.

Before 1938, the element uranium, now being hunted all over the world for use in atomic research, was used commercially only in very small amounts for a few odd jobs such as coloring glass and china. Most chemical laboratories had a bottle or two of uranium compounds gathering dust on the shelves. There probably weren't a dozen persons in the world who ever had seen pure metallic uranium itself.

Or take the case of the element fluorine. Fluorine is not a rare element, being found widely in various minerals, but the element itself was, a few years ago, very much what we would call a laboratory curiosity. Only a few scientists ever had tackled the tough job of making it. Free fluorine gas is perhaps the most reactive stuff known to chemists. It makes paper, glass, cloth, and even most metals burst into

flame on contact. It even reacts with air and it makes a wicked burn on any person unlucky enough to touch it. A lot of people realized that it might be an interesting chemical reagent if available, but the big question was, "What can it be kept in? It reacts with everything!"

The war changed this picture. Free fluorine was needed badly. Chemical engineers came up with a tank that would hold it. Then they started making it and using it by the ton. Today, fluorine is one of the most up-and-coming elements. Combined with carbon through aid of selective catalysts, it settles down, and the result is a series of wonderful new oils, rubbers, and plastics that resist heat, do not burn, and stand up against chemical corrosion. It won't be long before fluorinated products will be in every household.

Germanium is another example of a laboratory curiosity that is being put to good use at present. The price is coming down, too; it is only \$250 a pound now. A few years ago it sold for \$400 a pound, but a little germanium goes a long way. Germanium is a close cousin of the elements tin and

\**St. Bonaventure College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y. April, 1948.*



silicon and is called a semi-metal, that is, something on the borderline between metals and insulators in behavior. Being neither fish nor fowl, so to speak, its electrical properties are interesting and, more important, useful.

A tiny crystal of germanium can be placed in an electrical circuit to act as a rectifier of alternating current. All radio sets have at least one tube, serving as rectifier, that can be replaced, with only a slight modification in design of the set, by a small germanium crystal cartridge about as big as a small birthday-cake candle. Other valuable properties of germanium as an electrical rectifier allow it to assume some of the more complex electrical functions ordinarily performed by multi-element electronic tubes. It was extremely important during the war in radar work and will be just as important in the very high radio frequencies that are coming into use in television, FM, and commercial radar. Most ordinary electronic tubes, like those in a radio set, become less efficient as the frequency increases so that at the very high frequencies they are practically no good at all. Here is where germanium crystals really shine. Moreover, unless they are badly abused, the crystals won't wear out.

More than one radio engineer has made the prediction that we will see germanium crystals gradually replace vacuum tubes in the future output of radio sets. This means that the sets of tomorrow will be considerably smaller and lighter, and makes the two-way

wrist radio of Dick Tracy possible.

The element polonium is finding commercial application today, and the strange thing about this is that polonium is so rare, and the quantities used so small, that no one ever sees the stuff. Polonium results from the radioactive breakdown of radium and is itself quite strangely radioactive. A small fraction of the atoms in a given sample of polonium are, at a given instant, breaking up into smaller atoms and at the same time are releasing radiations that ionize the surrounding air, allowing it to conduct electricity. The big application is in the dissipation from machinery of static electricity which is not only a fire hazard, but a general nuisance as radio interference. A small amount of radioactive material on a static-troubled machine drains off the static as rapidly as it is formed.

Polonium can be electroplated easily onto other metals, such as nickel, and the amount of polonium required to make a very effective static dissipator is so small it can hardly be weighed. Furthermore, the radiation from it is harmless. Now manufacturers are electroplating polonium on nickel strips. To de-static a piece of machinery one of the strips is fastened to the machine and the polonium does the rest.

Indium is a rare metal chemically related to aluminum. Superficially it resembles lead, being soft and easily worked. Unlike lead, though, indium is not affected by water or air and resists chemical corrosion quite well. It can be electroplated on machine bear-

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ings to give a surface resistant to the acidic compounds in lubricating oil. When the war demanded vast numbers of machines with better bearings, the element indium played a prominent role. Yet, strange to relate, for years it was held up to beginning chemistry classes as the classical example of a metal for which no one had any conceivable use.

Cesium is destined for wider use also. This rare silvery metal is one of the few elements that is liquid at ordinary temperatures. It also is one of the most reactive metals. It bursts into flame if it is exposed to air and it practically explodes on contact with water. Can such a violent substance have a use? Yes, indeed. Cesium vapor is a highly efficient conductor of electricity and the voltage loss in an electrical rectifier that uses cesium vapor as a conductor of electricity is very low. Cesium is, in fact, more efficient for this use than any other metal. It will be used in large rectifiers of electric current instead of mercury. Replacement by cesium should result in substantial savings. A new kind of glass will hold cesium, and its commercial use will not be long in coming.

One more element showing promise is boron. Boron is not particularly rare; in fact, it forms part of ordinary borax, but the free element in a pure state has been known for only a few years. Elemental boron is next to the diamond in hardness and there are few chemical reagents which will attack solid boron.

By laying down a thin surface coating of elemental boron on a piece of iron, the iron is at once hardened and protected from chemical corrosion and rust. There is a big demand for very hard materials, and most of the hard alloys in use today are quite expensive. A hard coating that can be applied to a cheap metal like iron and make it serve as a substitute for an expensive alloy would be worth a great deal. Though development still is needed on the processes for depositing boron on iron, some applications of this idea are being used.

Not a few persons have made their fortunes by finding that this or that rare element, long passed by in the forward march of science, is just the thing needed to do an important technological job, be it machine bearings, radio tubes or airplanes.

### *Kid Stuff*

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Margaret loved her picture of the Holy Family. There it hung, low on the wall within her reach, and every night she gave it a resounding kiss before she got into bed. One night, just as she was all settled in bed and her mother was giving her the final tucking in, "I gotta get up! I forgot!" announced Margaret. Covers flew as she wriggled out of bed and pattered over to her beloved picture, giving it a loud smack. Back in bed, she settled herself contentedly, looked up at her mother, and remarked with a deep sigh, "They're such lovely people!"

Sister M. Juliana.

# Deceit is a Red Virtue

By J. EDGAR HOOVER

Condensed from *Redbook*\*

THE first lesson every communist must learn is the simple one that the essence of communist policy is deceit. Lenin taught that "revolutionaries who are unable to combine illegal forms of struggle with every form of legal struggle are very poor revolutionaries." A communist, though openly claiming that the Communist Party is a legal organization, will rarely admit his party membership. He hides behind fictitious names and innocent-looking fronts.

In fact, the party, for all practical purposes, went underground for a short period last November. Someone erroneously informed party headquarters that the federal government was about to declare the party illegal and that a series of mass raids was in the offing.

For the next 30 days pandemonium reigned in party circles. Party records were destroyed or hidden. Party leaders went into hiding. Huge stocks of printing supplies were quickly assembled and hidden. Various Communist Party clubs stocked up with mimeograph machines. Secret printing plants were set up, so that propaganda work could continue. New edicts decreed that names of party members would not appear on membership cards. Only

secretaries were to know the true identities of party members, and then the records were to be kept in code. Some clubs continued activities by having the comrades report to parked cars in out-of-the-way places.

The "much ado about nothing" soon subsided, but not until the Reds had proclaimed from coast to coast a "witch hunt" which never came. The cloak-and-dagger hokum of the communists revealed the state of the comrades' nerves and the quality of their intellects.

Characteristically, communist leaders claimed that their going underground was just a "fire drill" to test effectiveness of the party's plans if a real emergency arose. They gravely announced that the "fire drill" had demonstrated the necessity of a huge defense fund and another communist money-raising campaign was launched with a goal of \$1 million. Each member was to contribute the equivalent of two weeks' pay, in addition, of course, to his regular contributions.

The gyrations of party members holding offices in labor unions is also typical of communist technique. The Taft-Hartley law contains a provision requiring officers in labor unions to sign a non-communist affidavit. Com-

\*230 Park Ave., New York City, 17. June, 1948.

munist leaders secretly recommend two ways to circumvent this requirement. They advise the party members either to withdraw long enough from the party to sign the affidavit and then rejoin, or to withdraw from the party but continue all communist activities.

The real menace of communism does not come from the party's open activities. The U. S. Constitution provision for orderly change when the majority wills it does not satisfy the communists, because they know that the great majority of Americans are opposed to communism. They realize that they must first deceive recruits into believing that the communist program holds something in store for them. Long ago in America they adopted the line that they were the party of our early patriots. They contend publicly that they are the party of Jefferson and Lincoln, which is in line with Stalin's dictum, "Words must have no relation to actions."

American communists are interested only in the establishment of a Soviet U. S. A. They have never deviated from the line laid down in Moscow. They are continuously trying to worm themselves into the good graces of sincere liberals and progressives, because they know that without them they can get nowhere in this country. They also realize that their most deadly foes are honest liberals and progressives.

The basic ingredient in all communist-front organizations is deceit. Some of them, by effecting mergers with other groups, give the communists a foothold in legitimate, progressive or-

ganizations. Others are formed for the sole purpose of providing high-sounding names for use in propaganda leaflets and pressure letters.

When communists talk about being independent of foreign domination they deceive no one, not even themselves. Even foreign communist leaders visiting the U. S. as official delegates to international conferences frequently make contact with American communist functionaries and address secret communist meetings.

American communists are not real Americans. Communism's greatest appeal is to the foreign born and their offspring, although their propaganda does not flourish among the foreign born who come to America seeking freedom and opportunity. The Federal Bureau of Investigation recently reviewed the origins of 5,395 of the leading members of the Communist Party. Only 411 were Negroes, but of the 4,984 remaining, 91.4% were either of foreign birth, married to persons of foreign birth or born of foreign parents, and 56.5% of the 4,984 traced their origins either to Russia or her satellite countries.

One of the reasons why communists have made advances in this country is the simple fact that too many Americans have failed to recognize communism for what it is, a criminal conspiracy designed to rob America of its freedoms.

Events that developed in the 2nd World War provided the opportunity to scrutinize carefully the activities of the communists. In those anxious

months that followed the Berlin-Moscow alliance, American communists did all they could to weaken the defense drive of America. Overnight, the party line changed with the nazi invasion of Russia, but FBI vigilance has not relaxed. What the FBI is doing is a matter that cannot be discussed, but in the public interest I can recall FBI policy during the days when Bundsmen were goosestepping and speaking

their doctrine of hate. When the time came to act, the FBI knew whom to arrest, where they were, and their real designs. The war found this nation sabotage free. What the next emergency will bring, should it occur, is a matter that will have to await developments. But this I can say: the FBI, to the full limits of its ability and energy, will spare no effort to protect U. S. internal security.



### *Jokes from Heaven*

*A* student nurse in a small hospital where the buildings are very old. Having to be on duty at 7 A.M., we attend 6 A.M. Mass in the chapel of the hospital. I have a reputation for being very hard to awaken in the morning. Once when no one on my floor of the nurses' home would be working the Sunday 7 o'clock shift except myself I was worried about being on time in the morning. I remembered my mother saying, "If you ask the souls in purgatory and promise to say a prayer for them they'll awaken you." Taking her advice, I hopped into bed and fell asleep. I was awakened, just as the chimes in the church across the street were ringing 5 A.M., by the loud crash of plaster falling from the ceiling on the other side of my room. It was time for me to get up but I did think the poor souls were a little emphatic in their reply to my prayer.

Irene M. Zellhofer.



*A* GIRL friend of mine had prayed daily for ten years to St. Joseph for a good husband, with no sign that her request would ever be granted. She began to lose confidence. One Sunday morning she returned from Mass and knelt before her statue of St. Joseph imploring him to grant her request. But after ten minutes, in a fit of irritation and despair, she pulled the statue from the table and threw it through the open window.

A young gentleman passing by the house was struck on the head with it, getting a rather severe cut. He knocked at the door of the house for help, and perhaps an explanation. My friend apologized, offering to attend the injury. They became good friends. Six months later they were very happily married.

Marie Mulrooney.



His last word was "charity"

# Challoner's England

By FATHER EGBERT, O.F.M.

Condensed from the *Bombay Examiner*\*



**G**LOOM descended on ill-lit, dirty London, as another day of 1768 was drawing to a close.

An old man was trudging along and finally disappeared into a tavern, The Ship. Old and young gathered here to thaw before a roaring fire over glasses of punch. The old man's features and dress were commonplace enough, but he was unique, even in cosmopolitan London. In the light of the fire, he was revealed to be above medium height; his face was long and clean shaven; his head covered with a long, curling wig in the manner of the time; he was 77.

He was a bishop, though his clothes wouldn't have been out of place on the back of any old man. Though others laid claim to the title, yet in the whole of southern England he was the only one whose consecration was valid.

Richard Challoner was born on Sept. 29, 1691, in Lewes, Sussex. Descended from old English stock, his father was a Dissenter and his mother, Grace Willard before marriage (the name Willard was used later by Challoner when he needed an alias), was possibly a Protestant. After the birth of their only

child the father died and the mother to support herself and son became housekeeper with a Catholic family. Here both mother and son were received into the Church. Challoner was about 13.

The chaplain of this Catholic family was Father John Gother, famed for learning and sanctity. Under his influence the young man felt a desire to become a priest. In those days this meant study abroad; when Father Gother left for Lisbon he arranged for Challoner to enter the English College of Douay where burses had been founded by well-to-do Catholics for education of young men destined for the priesthood and the English Mission.

The course of studies consisted of five years' humanities, two philosophy, and four theology, but Challoner had already been so well grounded in his studies under the chaplain that he passed to philosophy after three years. While studying theology he taught humanities, and later became professor of philosophy. He was ordained in March, 1716, and following a trip to England to see his mother, returned and continued to teach, rose within four years to the office of vice-president

\**Examiner Press, Fort, Bombay, 1, India. April 10, 1948.*

of the college, and defended his thesis to receive a doctorate in theology.

Despite his success and the fact that he had begun the first of a large number of books, Challoner decided to work among his fellow countrymen.

Although the Penal Laws in 1730 were no longer applied with their old severity, it was still possible for a priest to be condemned to life imprisonment for being found on English soil. It was touch and go whether the faith would survive at all. In the whole of southern England, London included, there were only a few more than 20,000 Catholics in a land not long before wholly Catholic. The state of affairs that existed when Challoner stepped on to his native soil again is best summed up in the words of Newman, "No longer the Catholic Church in the country; nay, no longer I may say a Catholic community; but a few adherents of the Old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been."

Challoner had no illusions about the task before him. He rose at 6, said morning prayers, made an hour's meditation, and then said Mass; the Divine Office, as far as his duties allowed, he always recited at the times laid down by the rubrics. For economy, he lived in lodgings. The saving allowed him to exercise an ever-increasing charity towards the poor; and later on in his old age, while suffering from the harassing activities of an informer named Payne, he was able to move from one lodging to another, though always around the Holborn district of Lon-

don. He realized from the first that the visiting of the sorely-tried Catholics was the most essential of his duties, but he also became aware of another need, books. In the beginning, his writings were mostly polemical, in answer to books attacking the Church. One of his books so demolished the arguments of his opponent that the author threatened legal proceedings, and Challoner was forced to return to Douay. Then the president of the college died, and Challoner found himself appointed successor. This alarmed Bishop Petre, vicar apostolic of the London district. Fearing to lose such a man, he immediately sent a petition to Rome, urging that in his advancing years he needed a coadjutor, Richard Challoner. In 1739 briefs were issued appointing Challoner titular bishop of Debra and coadjutor to Bishop Petre with the right of succession. When the news came to Challoner, his humility made him so reluctant to accept the dignity that he informed the authorities of canonical impediments which stood in the way. It was unusual for a convert to be made a bishop, and he thought that being born of Protestant parents and brought up in heresy would prevent his consecration. But in 1741 new briefs came from Rome and on Jan. 29 he was raised to the episcopacy. Bishop Petre lived for another 16 years, and in 1757 Challoner succeeded him.

Challoner, though now 66, had amazing energy. His diocese covered most of the southern counties of England, and though London contained

most of his flock, a quarter of it was spread-eagled over those counties. Here the Catholic life centered around the Catholic landed gentry, loyal and courageous families whose ancestors were martyred, imprisoned, penalized, till their estates had been reduced almost to nothing. Each had its chaplain who also looked after the Catholics in the surrounding countryside, services being held in the chapels of the houses. This entailed for the bishop long journeys by stagecoach or on horseback over bad roads and in all kinds of weather. In London it meant incessant tramping through the squalid streets and entering the smoky hovels of his poor Catholics. Yet his constant cheerfulness was an inspiration to his clergy, and his visits to the faithful a ray of light in their drab lives. He tried to visit them in the early evening, at tea time; his visits were short and he improved or encouraged as circumstances demanded. He also listened to what they had to say. Nothing except most urgent necessity kept him out late at night, as he wished to be at home for confessions, advice, catechizing or sick calls.

In between his missionary journeys, interviews and meetings, together with his priestly activities, he filled in his every minute with writing. To the Catholic laity he gave a book of prayers and devotions which is still in use, *Garden of the Soul*, a book of meditations for every day of the year; and translations of the *Imitation of Christ*, the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, and of a famous book, *Memoirs of Mis-*

*sionary Priests*. To crown all, he published a revised version of the Douay Bible.

He never neglected the spoken word, and apart from the embassy chapels, because public worship was forbidden to Catholics, it all had to be done secretly. To avoid suspicion he chose places like taverns and cockpits in which to preach. The Ship was one of those places.

Year by year, in spite of his care, he saw his flock diminishing; the threat of imprisonment always hung over his head; and there was a dispute with the Regulars on a matter of jurisdiction which was a thorn in his side till finally it was settled in his favor. Even abroad the situation offered little comfort. Difficulties had arisen between Catholic states and the papacy, faith was declining, and the sacramental life weakening, so that those small oases of Catholic life in London, the embassies of Catholic powers, gave little encouragement to the bishop. Yet in those dark days, for England the darkest since she received the faith from Augustine, he was a man who never lost hope, whose traits of character were a deep patience, a boundless charity and an unwavering faith.

Two bitter drops filled his cup to overflowing. One law after another had come into force, adding fresh penalties. Many found they could resist no longer; they conformed, giving up their Catholic faith. As he traveled the familiar roads, and the instinct of his horse was to turn into the drive of a hitherto house of welcome, a tug on

the reins kept it to a road that became ever longer and more wearying.

That was one. The second probably precipitated the bishop's death, though normally it could not have been far away. A fanatic, Lord George Gordon, was responsible for an outbreak of rioting. He was a Protestant extremist whose oratory succeeded in arousing a lawless mob under the banner, "No Popery." The mob streamed through London overturning the carriages of the wealthy, burning and destroying the embassy chapels, the houses and business premises of Catholics, and demonstrating before the House of Commons. The cry went up for the bishop and they threatened to roast him alive. Aroused from his sleep by a Catholic friend, Challoner was persuaded to leave London while this orgy of rioting went on for a week. Armed with instructions to shoot at sight, the military authorities restored order but not before widespread damage had been done.

Challoner's cup was full as he surveyed the charred ruins. Now, at 89, he had to face the task of materially reconstructing the Catholic life of London. Little did he realize that intoler-

ance had reached its climax; it would go no further, and the future would see a measure of relief for Catholics.

Apparently in good health on Jan. 11, 1781, he sat at lunch conversing with his clergy, as was his custom. As the meal ended, he slumped in his chair, his head sinking to his shoulder; and he murmured "palsy," and pointed to his pocket, in which was money given to him that morning for the poor. He then whispered *Charity*. It was his last word; he died next day in his 90th year.

London was still merry; The Ship was destroyed in the riots, but a roaring trade was going on down the street. Other names were being made, Johnson's fame was already world wide, and Handel's music was becoming immortal, while a humble Catholic bishop was being given a Protestant funeral, according to the English law, in an unknown churchyard. So the world would have it, yet God may decree otherwise. The cause for the beatification of Richard Challoner, almost 200 years after his death, has now been submitted to Rome. He may be immortalized in the only way that is lasting.



### *Czechered History*

One 20-year-old street in upper Prague has already had its name changed six times. First it was called Nameless; then Komensky's after Comenius, the Czech Protestant scribe; then Podbabska, after the neighboring Baba hill. After a visit to Prague by the late King Alexander of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, the city heads renamed the street Alexandrova. Upon occupation of the city by the Germans it was called Flieger-Strasse-Letecka. After the war the street was rechristened Titova in honor of Marshall Tito. Now, after the Cominform blast at the Yugoslav leader, Praguers are wondering when the street will get its seventh name.

N.C.W.C.

*The banes severed his bonds*

# Slave and Scholar

By  
ROBERT LUCAS



Condensed from the  
*Negro Digest\**

AS BEFITTED a 16th-century Spanish grandee, the young Duke de Sesa arrived at the University of Granada in Spain accompanied by a slave carrying his books. If students turned to stare at them, it was not only because they were a strikingly handsome pair, both attired in the height of genteel elegance, but because of the unusual relationship that seemed to exist between the two, one black, the other white. And when the duke and his slave began to attend classes together, the whole university buzzed with excitement.

His fellow students knew the colored man as Juan de Sesa, property of the grandson of one of Spain's greatest explorers, Captain Fernandez Gonzalo de Córdoba, explorer of Yucatan. They watched Juan excel in the arts and sciences, marveled as he outdistanced his noble master. And they cheered when, because of his brilliance as a Latin scholar, he finally won for himself the name Latino.

When Juan Latino received his bachelor's degree in 1546, the archbishop and the elite of Granada's gentry witnessed the ceremony. This was the climax in the fabulous career of

the little black boy who had been bought in a slave mart and rose to a position of honor, the teacher and idol of hundreds of students who followed him through the streets of the city.

Juan Latino was probably born somewhere along the Barbary Coast, since the historian Pedraza mentions him as one of the blacks "who brought honor to the Ethiopian nation." Barbary and Ethiopia were often used for Africa.

Mother and son were purchased by *Doña Elvira*, daughter of the famous Captain de Córdoba. She brought the two slaves to her big estate at Baena and gave the little Negro lad to her son, Gonzalo Fernandez, third Duke de Sesa. The boys were of about the same age, and together they thrilled to the exciting tales of the late De Córdoba's adventures in the New World. With the manorial estate as their playground, the two boys became inseparable companions. When *Doña Elvira's* husband died, she moved her family, including the 14-year-old Juan, to Granada.

The move proved to be a turning point in the life of Juan, for Granada, once the proud and independent king-

\*5125 S. Calumet Ave., Chicago, 15, Ill. July, 1948.



dom of the Moors, was now a major center of Spanish culture. The young Duke de Sesa was given an education suitable to young noblemen.

The slave was soon after introduced into the academic world. His curiosity was aroused one day to the point where he dared to peek inside the covers of the volumes that were his daily burden.

Delighted at the thought of having his playmate for a classmate as well, the young duke arranged for Juan to study with him. Under Fernandez's tutors, the Negro boy soaked up learning like a dry sponge. The first phase of their education completed, the boys entered the Cathedral school, where Juan's first literary efforts won admiration. Next, the two enrolled at the new University of Granada.

Juan Latino was nearly 30 when he received his first degree. Although still a slave, he was now a person of importance, and moved in the most exclusive social circles. As tutor for sons of Granada's nobility, his services were in constant demand. The president of the Royal Council granted Latino 2,000 ducats. The Duke de Sesa became a historical oddity by giving his slave a liberal allowance.

But money and fame meant little to Juan Latino. His mind had broken the bonds of ignorance, but his body was still in slavery. The fact that he belonged to a man who loved him as a friend and respected him as a scholar did not make bondage less galling. He yearned for freedom, and desire grew into obsession after he fell in love. Like

Othello the Moor, Latino's heart was captured by a woman of another race, and again like Shakespeare's hero he won her not through pity but because of his accomplishments.

Othello wooed Desdemona by a recital of his exploits in battle; Latino's lovemaking was less dashing perhaps but much more romantic. He could pen a clever epigram, or a charming poem offhand. He had learned to sing, and to play organ, lute, and guitar. He wooed and finally won Ana Carlobal, daughter of a Spanish nobleman.

Shortly after his marriage Juan was given his freedom, no doubt as a wedding gift. On July 30, 1549, his first child, Juana, was baptized. There were three other daughters, each talented and beautiful.

With annuities from admiring patrons and fees from a host of students, Latino was able to maintain a large and well-appointed establishment. Although Juan did not act as an official member of the university staff until later years, he carried great influence with the institution.

In 1556 Latino qualified for the teaching profession by taking his licentiate degree. And the greatest honor ever bestowed upon him came that same year when he was chosen to deliver the Latin oration in the colorful ceremony that inaugurated the academic year at the university. He became blind in middle age, but continued to teach, and was still a familiar figure along the streets of Granada. At 70, Latino was forced to retire because of illness. He died in 1623.



*His name is Greed*

# *Who's to Blame for* **HIGH PRICES**

By JAMES F. O'NEIL

National Commander, the American Legion

Condensed from the *American Legion Magazine*\*

**D**URING 1948 U. S. living costs have skyrocketed higher than the record peak reached in 1920, after the 1st World War. Retail food prices, worst offender, jumped to more than 170% of prewar levels. And as if that wasn't bad enough for the average guy trying to make ends meet, developments arising out of the general shortage of things made matters even worse.

Many U. S. citizens are bitter about the chiselers, the gray marketeers. They know about the smart operators getting \$3,000 for an automobile listed at half that amount. They are acquainted with builders who not only demand exorbitant prices for their houses but who cheat the buyer in other ways. Last winter the U. S. was treated to the sight of fuel-oil dealers taking advantage of zero weather and shortage to hold out for a double price. In times like these such chiselers always emerge and, since they are usually slick enough to stay within the letter of the law, it's hard to get them behind bars where they belong.

While such incidents have made the

newspaper headlines, they don't tell the whole story of inflation. Seeking the basic reasons for the inflationary spiral, people the country over have been asking in all seriousness, "How did prices of everything get so high, anyway?"

In answer, each man points to someone else. Many a housewife blames her storekeeper. "Don't blame me," says the storekeeper. "Look at the prices I've had to pay the wholesaler." And the wholesaler promptly passes the buck to food manufacturer and processor.

The labor unions have been blamed, because of successive wage increases they've demanded and won. Guilty or not, many breadwinners are not a great deal better off than before the war; some are worse off, or just about even with 1939. The rise in prices has taken a big bite out of everyone's purchasing power, and until recently all have had to pay taxes as never before. Hard hit also have been people like schoolteachers, policemen and firemen, elderly pensioners, and married

\*1 Park Ave., New York City, 16. June, 1948.

vets trying to go to college, whose income has not increased in proportion to the rise in living expenses.

Business has been charged with making fantastic profits, highest in history. That's true, and one reason for it is that business has been having the greatest dollar volume in history. But many a businessman reports that he's had to pay increasingly higher prices for raw materials and higher wages to his employees, as well as inflated prices for expanding his plant or replacing worn-out equipment. Moreover, businessmen in many lines are concerned about the high-cost inventories they have on hand. Those, they declare, could become a serious problem if sales should fall off drastically and stock had to be unloaded at lower price levels.

Farmers have been singled out for their part in kiting living expenses. True, farm prices went up, at last winter's peak, more than 200% above prewar levels. But so have the prices farmers have had to pay for such things as feed and machinery; moreover, the wages farmers pay their hired hands have nearly tripled since prewar days. After suffering bitterly throughout the depression, farmers struck it rich during the war. But now, with the peak in prices apparently over, farmers are looking for guaranteed floors for their crops. And to show how mercurial farm income can be, that market break last February, which pared consumers' food costs by 3%, clipped a full 9% off the prices farmers were getting.

If you're an employee, have you

been putting in a full day's work on the job, or have you been taking more than you've been giving? If you're a manufacturer, wholesaler or retailer, have you been passing on your merchandise to the public at a fair price, or have you tacked on more than a little extra for yourself? As a consumer have you been paying the regular prices for scarce items or have you been bidding up prices by paying premiums for things you desire?

That last point has been a very important factor in keeping prices high. It has made the so-called seller's market, in which almost anything goes. As a consumer you would be wise to be less impatient, and to think twice before you decide that you must have some hard-to-get commodity.

But there is something else you can do. It is not enough to walk into a store and then either meekly pay the price or walk out. If you feel that the price is out of line let the storekeeper know about it. Protests have a way of getting back to the people who can do something about them, and if there are no protests you can rest assured that prices will keep on inching upward.

Also, it is highly in order to let manufacturers know your feelings. If you think a certain manufacturer prices his goods too high, write him. He may have reasons for his high prices, and he will usually take pains to tell what they are, but in any event he will realize that he is running into consumer resistance. He knows that for every letter he gets there are a

thousand others who feel as you do but don't write.

Fortunately, a growing number of companies are becoming increasingly aware of this price problem, and have started to do something about it. Effective last Jan. 1, the General Electric Co., for one, announced price reductions of from 3% to 10% on its consumer products, reductions which G.E.'s president, Charles E. Wilson, said would save consumers \$50 million yearly. In the same month, the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Co., the nation's biggest, cut prices 10% on several home-building items. Radio and television-set manufacturers sharply reduced prices.

The breadwinner must bear in mind two things: 1. that the increase in the general level of prices has reduced the purchasing power of the dollar; 2. there has been a disproportionate increase in some of the things that make up the cost of living.

For example, suppose that a person was making \$40 a week before the war and \$75 weekly since. His higher salary is fine until price rises are taken into consideration. After allowing for them, his \$75 buys in 1948 just a shade more than his \$40 bought back in 1939. What's more, the same wage earner now has to pay income taxes which a married man earning \$40 a week didn't have to pay before the war. Too many have been looking through rose-colored glasses at the number of dollars earned, without realizing their low purchasing power. There are also those who, taking their

1948 wages for granted, have been shopping around for 1939 prices. What they fail to understand is that 1948 wages and 1939 prices don't go hand in hand. Some prices, particularly food, have expanded at a terrific rate, throwing everything else out of adjustment. Even in normal times, food is the biggest single item in a family's budget, accounting for a third of all living expenses for moderate-income families. Because of the jump in food, and because they have been eating more than before the war, many families have found food costs doubled and tripled. Certain living expenses have far outstripped the rise in others. The statistics show why everyone must re-examine his living expenses in the light of present conditions.

But one thing all must do: add up expenses, see what percentage of income each takes, and then match the total expenses against total income. Some surprises will be in store and realignment of budgets may be in order.

No one knows for sure whether prices are going to move up, down or sideways. But, even if a food-price decline should take other prices along, there will be no sudden, automatic end to inflation. It takes time before a major turn in all prices, if it's to come, can be felt in the pocketbook.

It is only common sense to watch living expenses in coming months and go slow about entering into any major commitments. This does not mean burying money in a hole in the ground; it does mean resisting any unwarranted high prices.

*Mass in the lair of the bear*

# Just An Ordinary Martyr

By  
FRANKLYN J. KENNEDY



Condensed from the  
*Catholic Herald Citizen\**

"Washington—Bishop Theophilus Matulionis of the Lithuanian diocese of Kaisedorys has died in a Soviet prison after undergoing tortures, according to news from underground sources received in this country."

I WAS not surprised when I read the news item. Ever since Russia took over Lithuania four years ago, as I went through the dispatches that came to my desk daily from the Catholic news agency in Washington I looked for that story. Yet I was shocked, not by news of the heroic bishop's death, but because I had personally spoken to and known a martyr for the faith.

In 1935 Bishop Matulionis was visiting at St. Gabriel's rectory here in Milwaukee. I can still see him sitting in the rather dingy parlor, kindly submitting to an interview. It was not easy to drag his story from him. To him it was a matter of course that a Christian would suffer gladly for Christ. "Should the servant be above the Master?" he asked with a smile that was intended to dampen the look of admiration in my eyes.

Ordained a priest in 1900, Father Matulionis labored as a pastor in Latvia for 10 years and then was assigned to a parish in Petrograd, the capital city of the czars. With the advent of

the communists in 1917 a systematic suppression of religion began.

Quietly and on the sly, Father Matulionis continued his priestly work. After six years of dodging spies and police, he was arrested in 1923: his crime, giving religious instruction to children. For two years he was forced to do hard labor in the lumber camps in Arctic Russia. He was released in 1925 with a grim warning not to dare exercise his priestly ministry. Back to his flock he went, seeking out the members as best he could and bringing them the sacraments.

In 1929, a document, written on onion paper and smuggled to him, came from Rome, naming him a bishop. He was consecrated behind locked doors in a tiny church in Leningrad. Only one bishop performed the ceremony—a rare exception to the rule that calls for three bishops to take part. Two priests acted as witnesses.

Six months later Bishop Matulionis was arrested and confined to a jail in Leningrad for a year. Again he was sent to a prison lumber camp. There it was in the midst of the Solovskii forests that 35 priests and the bishop were assigned to an attic above the

\*793 N. Jackson St., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. June 26, 1948.



quarters of the camp superintendent.

It wasn't long before they had solved the problem of saying Mass. One of the priests fashioned a chalice and paten out of tin cans. With flour smuggled to them they made the hosts; with raisins, the wine, so little that there were but eight or nine drops for each Mass. On a makeshift altar, with a towel for an altar cloth, the priests took their turns offering Mass from midnight until 6 in the morning. For three years that inspiring sight of continuous Masses took place in a hovel that resembled the poverty of Christ's first dwelling place on earth, the cave of Bethlehem.

As the priests walked to and from work they would hear the confessions of their fellow workers. Secretly the priests placed the Hosts in a bit of cloth or paper and brought Communion to the men, who would hide behind a clump of fir trees and there receive their Lord and God.

As the bishop spoke to me, he was visibly moved. "Those were the happiest days of my life," he stated. They came to an end when one of the priests, falling desperately ill, talked in his delirium of the Masses he had said in the attic cathedral.

The jailers spared no time in ransacking the place. "We were too clever for them," the bishop smiled. "We had hid the chalice and the rest beneath the floor boards and they never found them." Frustrated, the communists dispersed the group into different camps.

In 1953, the Lithuanian government

arranged his release and that of 12 priests and four lay persons in exchange for political prisoners. Three months of slow journeying, most of it on foot, brought him to Kaunas, Lithuania, and freedom. There the bishop, clad like a peasant, was given a tremendous reception.

There wasn't much the bishop would tell about the rigors of his imprisonments. Yes, they had to work hard, 12 or 14 hours a day in the forest. Yes, the weather was bitterly cold and they didn't have warm enough clothes; some froze to death. Yes, food rations were meager, barely enough to keep them able to work. Yes, there were beatings from the guards for slight infractions of rules.

All of that the bishop brushed aside, hurriedly. It was about those secret Masses he liked to talk. "God has been so good to me," he said, "allowing those opportunities of grace to come to me."

Small wonder, then, that back in 1935, seated in the parlor of St. Gabriel's rectory, I regarded Bishop Matulionis as a martyr. He had chosen to obey God rather than men and he had suffered greatly for his obedience. I was awed by his faith and his fortitude.

Accordingly, I found myself not the least bit surprised when I read last Sunday that he had been tortured and put to death by the communists. I knew that the heroic living of Bishop Matulionis for 20 years under the communist yoke would merit him nothing less than the grace of a martyr's death.

# The Sacred Hearts Fathers

By  
HENRY F. UNGER



*Background of  
Damien*

HIGH adventure, cruel martyrdom, fierce persecutions swing into focus every time the history of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary is unfolded. Since their founder's French Revolution days, despite their paucity in numbers, members have left indelible marks wherever they have worked. The world's pulse still beats rapidly whenever the story of one of the Congregation's famous sons, Father Damien, apostle of the lepers, is told. Only recently did sickness and old age stop their famed Father Mateo from active preaching. Perhaps no other Religious Order with so few members has been able to influence so many people.

Aptly referred to as the Congregation which keeps people up at night, the Sacred Hearts Fathers through their program of Night Adoration in the Home have managed to enlist millions of Catholics throughout the world to spend one hour at night monthly before a picture or statue of the Sacred Heart, in reparation for the sins of the world. Through its crusade of the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the Home, the Congregation has striven to revivify home life.

Its founder, Father Marie Joseph Coudrin, a Frenchman born in Coussay-les-Bois in 1768, was still a deacon when the French Revolution burst upon the Catholic population. Students at his seminary of Poitiers were dispersed, but he was undismayed by the revolutionaries' threats. He learned that Bishop de Bonald of Clermont would be in Paris; by devious routes, he reached the Irish seminary. Revolutionaries had already invaded its chapel. Furtively, his ordination was conferred in the library.

Happy, Father Coudrin returned to Coussay-les-Bois. The fanaticism of the revolution forced him into hiding. When the situation had cleared slightly, Father Coudrin hurried from his hiding place and administered to the spiritual needs of the citizens. The price on his head did not deter him; but he had many narrow escapes.

One day the future founder of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary had a vision. He saw a group of priests, dressed in white garments, similar to the habit worn now by the Congregation's members, moving toward the mission fields. At the height of the revolution, Father

Coudrin gathered about himself a few companions to whom he confided his plans to consecrate his life to religious restoration by promoting devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

During tense moments and before reading his Christmas midnight Mass, Father Coudrin solemnly made his Religious vows before his companions in a garret. It was the year 1800. Taking vows with him was Henriette de la Chevalerie, a nobleman under sentence of death by the guillotine, who mothered a group of holy laywomen. The group determined to make reparation for the sins of the time.

The Sisters of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary were organized under Henriette's tutelage. Father Coudrin became their spiritual director. A house for the Sisters was completed on the spot where the guillotine had been set up in Paris.

Five years after taking his vows, Father Coudrin purchased some old houses on Picpus St. in Paris. The address at 33 Rue Picpus was used by the Congregation until the French evicted them some 100 years later: hence the name Picpus Fathers, by which they are known to this day. Father Coudrin died there on March 27, 1837.

Father Coudrin became known as the Good Father. Under his guidance, a college and seminary was opened. Soon neighboring towns felt the impact of his program of Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. On Nov. 1, 1817, the Holy See gave for-

mal approval, confirmed by an apostolic decree in 1825, to the work.

The Congregation, born amid strife, has faced turmoil and resistance throughout most of its history. It was shaken to its foundations in the political riots of 1830 in Paris. Mobs clambered over the monastery walls, and members of the Order were thrown into prison, mistreated, and threatened with death. The members' blood flowed freely during the French Commune. On May 26, 1871, the French madmen butchered the priest martyrs Radigue, Tuffier, Rouchouze, and Tardieu.

But each persecution increased the Congregation's zeal. Even June 19, 1905, failed to dim it. On that day, the superior general, surrounded by his priest members and lay Brothers, awaited the anticlericals, who smashed through the doors of the Picpus St. monastery. Ejected from their home, the Religious trekked wearily to Belgium, where the present mother house was established at Braine-le-Comte.

Father Coudrin's vision of the white-clad group of priests going to the missions found fulfillment when the Holy See authorized him to send missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, now called Hawaiian Islands, where there had been no organized Catholic missionary activities. The founder appointed three brave priests, Fathers Alexis Bachelot, Abraham Arnaud, and Patrick Short.

At Callao, Peru, the new missionaries were advised that a government agent had warned Hawaiian chieftains

that the Sacred Hearts missionaries were dangerous. After eight months of traveling, the unit reached Honolulu on July 7, 1827. Catholic Governor Boki welcomed the priests, but Kaakumonu, one of the widows of Kamehameha I, immediately began to attack them. As long as the friendly governor remained, the Fathers conducted services which attracted thousands of natives. Once the governor left, all the Fathers were banished but one, who secretly continued his missionary work.

King Louis Philippe of France, hearing of the persecution, dispatched the frigate *l'Artemise* to Honolulu. Anchored at Oahu, the admiral demanded that free worship be accorded the Catholics. A promise was made, and broken, but the missionaries finally established themselves.

It was on Molokai that Father Damien achieved undying fame. Joseph De Veuster, born in Tremeloo, Belgium, in 1840, entered the novitiate of the Sacred Hearts Congregation at Louvain in 1852, pronounced his Religious vows in 1860, taking the name Damien, and set sail for the Hawaiian Islands in 1863. He had leaped to the opportunity of substituting for his brother, Father Pamphile, also a Sacred Hearts Father, who was ill and unable to make the voyage. For nine years, Father Damien worked in Hawaii and then volunteered to leave his friends for the loneliness of Molokai. There he organized a society for

adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and built up a livable colony for lepers. After 16 years, Father Damien died on April 15, 1889. Today, the Congregation still watches over the spiritual welfare of the occupants of Molokai. It is strictly volunteer work; and al-

though arduous, does not hold the pioneer terrors which met Father Damien when he was left on the Molokai beach.

Missionary zeal took the Fathers further into foreign fields. In 1833 they tackled Gambier Islands and in

1837 the Marquesas. Even today, Bishop Maze must expose his life to danger on his boat trips to natives hidden on the Society Islands. In rapid succession, the Fathers established themselves in South America, Germany, Holland, Spain, Hawaii, Peru, Chile, Norway, China, and Belgian Congo.

Convinced that the U. S. was promising territory for the program of perpetual adoration, the Congregation opened a mother house at Fairhaven, Mass. In 1928, a novitiate for American aspirants was opened. The Very Rev. Columba Moran, SS.CC., in 1932 was appointed superior for all the U. S. Now he is the first provincial, the result of the foundation's being raised to a province.

Through their crusade of night adoration, the Fathers ask their followers to make one hour of reparation to the Sacred Heart once monthly between the hours of 9 P.M. and 6 A.M. Intimately connected with this enthronement



ment work is the League of Tarcisians, founded by Father Mateo for children, who work to enroll adorers.

To push the program, the National Center of the Enthronement, headed by Father Francis Larkin, SS.CC., has been established in Brookland, Washington, 17, D.C., which adjoins the major Sacred Hearts seminary in the U.S. More than 200,000 adorers are enrolled.

Comparative newcomers to the U.S., the Sacred Hearts Fathers now have a college for future priests at Wareham, Mass., as well as a house of philosophy. There is a monastery and minor seminary at Fairhaven, Mass. Provinces are located in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Spain, Peru, Brazil, and Chile. In the U.S., the Fathers work in the dioceses of Wash-

ington, D.C.; Rochester, N.Y.; Columbus, Ohio; and Fall River, Mass.

Outstanding in the work of perpetual adoration are the Sisters of the Congregation, who have established themselves in France, England, Italy, Spain, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Argentina, Hawaii, and the U.S. They wear habits similar to those worn by the priests and students of the Congregation, which consist of a white tunic, white cincture with three tassels, a scapular with two hearts, and a cape.

Though it has only 1,528 members, 800 of them students, the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, through its Enthronement and Night Adoration crusade, is represented in almost every diocese in the country.



### *Flights of Fancy*

Yugoslavia on the Tito-totter.

—Milwaukee *Journal*

History of man: from Adam to atom.

His vacation was an alcoholiday.

Snowy-white clouds, like heavenly washing hung out to air. —C. Morley

Time turtled on. —D. Dougherty

His face lit up like a hitchhiker's at the sound of a brake squeal.

—Irving Tressler

Wind whistling through the trees like fire engines in the night.

—W. K. Hermes

Her flint-gray hair lay back from her forehead like wind erosion on the desert sand.

—Graham Greene

Streets so quiet that we heard our footsteps following us home.

—Robert Nathan

She slipped on her professional manner as though it were a pair of glasses.

—Evelyn Waugh

Misery waiting at the corners of her mouth to take possession of her whole face.

—Graham Greene

He had a big Adam's apple that kept chinning itself when he talked.

—James C. Wilson

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]



*Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*

# Little Black Book

By FRANCIS M. KEATING, S.J.

Condensed from the  
*Jesuit Seminary News\**



**O**NE of the more mysterious aspects of the priesthood to many non-Catholics, and perhaps even to some Catholics, is the sight of priests forever mumbling from a black book. In churches and schoolyards, on the porches of parish rectories, in street-cars, trains, and airliners, there is the eternal black book. If the priest is not reading it, he has it under his arm, or it bulges in his coat pocket. He points with it, and with it he pats little children on the head—gently, though, for it seems to be a sturdy volume.

The priest may refer to it as his "Breviary." He may murmur, as he rushes from some late meeting, "Still have the Office to say." The two terms, although not very enlightening at first hearing, give a clear enough indication of the general character of the book. It is called the Breviary from the Latin *Breviarium*, meaning an abridgment or compendium. It is called the Office from the Latin *Officium*, meaning a duty, function, or service. Putting the two words together, one may describe it as a compendium or collection of prayers to be recited daily as a duty toward God.

At first glance the Breviary is ad-

mittedly a bewildering book and might seem to have been arranged by someone with a predilection for puzzles. Actually it is not the work of one man. And the plan of the book is coherent and fairly easy to grasp after a little study.

The present Breviary is the result of centuries of change. But the basic form was fairly well established by the end of the 6th century. By that time the division of the day into the various "hours" had been adopted, and recitation of Scripture was the major part of the Office, as it is now. The centuries since then have been a history of reform and reorganization.

No one has yet discovered precisely how the practice of reciting the Office began. It is generally agreed that it is an extension of the first part of the Mass, the Mass of the Catechumens. In early times this consisted of psalms, hymns, litanies, prayers, and the reading and explanations of Scripture. On the vigils of greater feasts this was an elaborate ceremony; a remnant still exists in the liturgy of Holy Saturday. Because as a general practice it was inconvenient to have Mass last so long, recital of the psalms and hymns was

\*165 E. 72nd St., New York City, 21. Ordination Issue, 1948.

eventually made a separate function.

Haters of the church have looked on the Breviary as everything from a tome of incantations to a form of voodooism. Yet it is nothing more dreadful than a book of prayers in praise of God, nothing more sinister than a collection of Sacred Scripture, hymns, prayers, and readings from the Fathers of the Church. And in reading it the priest is doing nothing more menacing than speaking to God.

The recital of the Breviary is an expression of the most fundamental relation between man and God. There is a song that all things sing, a basic harmony that is stamped in the veins of the rocks, rustles from the leaves of the trees, and soars majestically with the clouds, counterpointed in the thunder and rain and the rise of the waves. But this song carries no love, unless man loves. Man is the heart of the visible creation; he must be the heart and tongue of creation. And it is this that the recital of the Breviary insures. As man must offer the praise of nature, so the priest must offer the praise of men and beg from God His blessing on all man's works and days.

Where the Office is recited in choir, as it is by the Religious Orders, this

aspect of the Breviary is quite clear. The division of the day into hours is followed strictly. There are, as it were, two circular movements in the Office. One moves according to the hours of the day and night. Thus is every moment of man's day related to God. The other proceeds according to the ecclesiastical division of the year, the sanctification of time by recalling the progress of the Redemption. This is the Advent-Christmas-Epiphany-Lent-Easter-Pentecost rhythm of the year so familiar to us from the liturgy of the Mass. There are appropriate expressions of man's praise and man's needs at the various hours of the day and throughout the changing seasons of the year.

The black book so constantly seen with the priest is indeed important. It is his Divine Office, that from this harassed globe of ours, "busy about many things," as it whirls in its cloud-wrapped course about the burning sun, there may rise, night and day, summertime and wintertime, the song of the creature to the Creator; that from the uneasy microcosm of the atom to the farthest of the wheeling stars the whole universe may find tongue through God's priests.



### *Open Confession*

IT is the custom in Girl Scout camps for the counselors to be given bird names, and I was known to the children as Sandpiper. One afternoon after a strenuous hike through the woods, my miraculous medal, which I always wear about my neck, was hanging visibly outside my uniform. One of the children, of age not more than eight years, whispered to me, "Sandpiper, your religion is showing."

Mary Knights.

# THIRD SIGHT

## *By Short Wave*

By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN and  
NAT W. McKELVEY

Condensed from the *Marianist*\*



ROSEMARIE CANAK is a brave girl. You sensed that when, having wired her asking the privilege of a visit, she telegraphed back immediately: "Pleased as Punch. Come any day, preferably Friday." You knew it when you came to her home in Milwaukee, and she welcomed you with her blue eyes dancing and her voice vibrant with all the excitement of a high-school girl about to embark upon a new adventure.

For Rosemarie, every new experience is an adventure. Rosemarie, you see, is blind.

She has light perception, but that is all. Her blindness, though, is only physical. She has discovered a vast new world that sighted persons are only dimly aware of. And that world is outside herself; she reasons that tears on her own behalf would be a waste of good time that could be more profitably spent exploring her new world. Rosemarie is 20.

Identifications over, Rosemarie leads you to the large living room, and eagerly presents you to her father and mother. For many years his name has been

one of the best known in Milwaukee real-estate circles. Then Rosemarie asks whether you would not like to continue your visit in her den, a richly paneled room in the center of which stands a desk with a short-wave broadcasting and receiving set. It was that radio that prompted you to ask Rosemarie to consent to a visit.

Anxious to demonstrate her radio, Rosemarie hurries quickly through the story of her blindness and her schooling. She lives in St. Michael's parish, on Milwaukee's West Side; there she went through all eight grades, and then on for a year at Holy Angels academy in Milwaukee. She tells you this, but her mother proudly adds that the year at Holy Angels was won in a competitive examination for a scholarship.

At the end of her freshman year Rosemarie's eyes failed, and since then most of her schooling has been at the State School for the Blind at Janesville, Wis., where she will finish her high-school work next year. In Janesville, she is taking the regular academic subjects, and in addition has learned bas-

\*University of Dayton, Dayton, 9, Ohio. September, 1948.

ketry, cooking, sewing, and piano, and next year will take vocal lessons. She has spent about a year at the Mayo clinic. The doctors there did succeed in restoring her sight once, but when it failed again they told her a second restoration could not be hoped for. She lost further time at school when cataracts began to form on her eyes, and she had to have another operation. She has no special plans for the future, but will probably go on to college.

It was that second eyesight failure that was hard to take—the real test. But the Providence that permitted her affliction also sent Rosemarie agents offering her the means to prevail over it. The first of these was Father Andrew Redig, assistant at St. Michael's, amateur short-wave fan. He brought her consolation and hope, and then introduced her to Johnny Ludwig, another Milwaukee "ham" operator. Johnny was a former GI with a nervous disorder and partial paralysis.

Rosemarie now has the distinction of being the first girl amateur radio operator to operate her own station in Milwaukee since the war. But at first, she refused to take any interest in radio. Even after Johnny had presented her with a two-year subscription to the *Braille CATHOLIC DIGEST*, and she had gone over to his house to thank him, he failed to persuade her. But shortly after that Johnny got his ham license, and Rosemarie found out that Father Redig was studying for his. The mysterious lingo used by the two hams and their excitement over contacting of new and distant stations

finally impressed her. She exercised her feminine prerogative of changing her mind.

The GI and the padre became her tutors, Johnny lent her his instructograph so that she could learn to send and receive code, and her sister helped her with her manual. Meanwhile, her two friends and a third named Quinn built her a short-wave transmitter. Her set has special lights and finger holes in the tuning dial.

June 3, 1947, Rosemarie went to Chicago with her sister to take the FCC tests for her license. Successive tests consist of receiving code, sending code, and theory. Rarely are all three managed at one time, but Rosemarie did it! When told she had succeeded, she "floated out of the office on a pink cloud" which "carried me and my sister four blocks in the wrong direction."

She received her license on June 21, and within a few hours was making her first broadcast. Janet Imse told about it in the Milwaukee *Catholic Herald Citizen* at that time. Her first call, of course, was to her friend Johnny. She was off on her big adventure.

Since then she has talked with other hams all over the U. S., in Canada, and as far distant as Hawaii. She prefers "phone" radio, which means ordinary conversation, over code. She has dozens of "QSL" cards, which hams send to each other confirming two-way radio communication.

The Milwaukee blind girl finds herself in the company of kings and comedians. Farouk of Egypt is a ham operator, and asks for QSL cards. So

does Anton Hapsburg, archduke of Austria. Renowned as the "Amos" of Amos and Andy, Freeman Gosden uses them, as does Herbert Hoover, Jr., son of the ex-president. Prince Abd-El-Momeim of Egypt and Prince Vinh-San of the Reunion Islands and Eddie Green—Eddie, the waiter, of "Duffy's Tavern"—send QSL cards. Not that Rosemarie has yet contacted any of those—her school work keeps her busy most of the time—but when she is at home in summer and on occasional week ends her radio really gets a workout. (The McKelvey half of the author team which put this article together recently contacted a Britisher operating station VS9AB at Aden, Arabia, through his station W7PEY at Tucson, Arizona. It was the Harrigan half which went to Milwaukee to see Rosemarie.)

Rosemarie is not yet among the several thousands of the world's 100,000 hams who have received from the American Radio Relay League certificates of admission to the WAS Club. To become eligible to this she must be "WAS," that is, "Worked All States."

QSL cards are prerequisite to membership in WAS as well as several other of the most exclusive organizations known to man. Such membership is not gained easily. Recently, W7PEY "worked" G5CR, an amateur in Bromley, Kent, England. Six days later, by air mail, W7PEY received a QSL and a letter from Gilbert Brownson, begging a card to "fill the blank space reserved for W7, old

man. Please send along that card for me to treasure after some 21 years of waiting." Persistence like this is not unusual from hams seeking membership in WAS and other achievement organizations.

Choice plum for amateurs interested in contacting "DX" (distant) stations is membership in the DX Century Club. To qualify, the applicant must submit QSL cards verifying contact with 100 foreign countries. For purposes of DX hunting, the various radio leagues recognize 257 countries.

Absolute acme of all amateur station achievement is membership in the WAZ Club. In 1934, convinced that hams needed some truly difficult DX goal to shoot at, *Radio Magazine*, now *CQ*, arbitrarily divided the world into 40 zones. Russia opposed the plan, declaring, "No one can divide Soviet Russia, even theoretically and even for such a purpose." But the sponsors of WAZ proceeded with the plan, affirming that an advancing wavefront cannot recognize a political boundary even when it sees one. The WAZ Club has so far admitted fewer than 15 members, hams able to submit one QSL card from each of the 40 zones.

When not striving for DX awards, hams have fun working each other, instantly recognizing a country by its call prefix. For instance, Rosemarie Canak is W9AWI. The "W" indicates the U.S., the "9" the ninth district. Roughly, districts run from W1 in New England to W6 and W7 on the West Coast. England uses the prefix G; Holland, PA; Guatemala, TG;



Hawaii, KH; Australia, VK; Denmark, OZ; Argentina, LU; North Africa, FA; and all other countries according to international assignment.

Started by American hams, a call-letter slogan craze now sweeps the amateur kingdom. At Monrovia, Liberia, EL5A uses the letters in his call to tell the world that "Eve Loves 5 Apples." At Tegucigalpa, Honduras, Marion Brashear operates HR1MB, long the only amateur station in the country. He used to say, "When it comes to contacting Honduras, it's a case of 'Hot Rolls and 1 Meat Ball' or go hungry." At Walnut Grove, Calif., Loyal D. Mealer, an asparagus farmer whose call, through coincidence, is W6AK, designates himself the "Asparagus King."

When the FCC removed Arizona from the 6th radio district to the 7th, Meade Powell, of Tucson, received a new call. W6GS, "Good Scotch," became W7GV, "Good Vodka." Ernest J. Benoit, Webster, Mass., uses a slogan unrelated to his call sign, W1LIB—"On the shore of Lake Chargoggagoggmanchaugogoggchaubunagungam-augg." Ernie gets a real wallop rattling off the 44 letters in this old Indian name.

For sheer ingenuity, appropriateness—and downright impudence—women operators win the palm. Admitting a distaste for domestic duties, Annette Thompson, Miami, Fla., uses W4LKM to mean "Lazy Kitchen Mechanic." In the same city, Ginny Seignious, a high-school girl, announces, "This is W4-KMM, Kiss Me Madly." Hearing this,

one male ham replied, "Is that an invitation?" Snapped Ginny, "You wouldn't dare!"

Rosemarie has fun with her call letters too, using such phrases as "AWI—A Wild Indian," "Able William Item," and "Aren't Women Impossible." Once when she used "Aren't Women Intelligent" she got into quite an argument with a male ham—she used an exclamation point on her QSL card, he a question mark on his.

Some QSL cards are unique, both in conception and execution. Admitting that business is good, C. Alfred Thomas, a lumberman of Waveland, Miss., sends a confirmation card of black and white plastic. Cards from W5FPO cost \$1.20 each, and are always sent air mail. In a year, Thomas may spend as much as \$1,000 on cards. An engineer for General Electric at Schenectady, N. Y., George Floyd, W2RYT, uses cards printed on thin sheets of copper. At Shanghai, China, XU1MCF, an American, prints his QSL on genuine Chinese \$5 bills.

Even the FCC issues tickets, facetiously dubbed QSL cards by hams. These are actually citations for infractions of radio regulations, and, as such, are shunned. However, Captain Charles Spitz, W7JHS, stationed at Boca Raton, Florida, turned an FCC "QSL" to good purpose. Having contacted a station in Uruguay, Spitz was anxious to have verification. The Uruguayan card was slow in coming. But an FCC monitoring station, reporting an infraction of rules by Spitz during the contact, provided a ticket that was

poignant proof that he had been heard.

During his radio career, Spitz has had other unique cards. One Australian verified contact on a boomerang. Rosemarie has received a cocoanut. Spitz treasures also a QSL, dated 1925, from NOSN, a station aboard a destroyer in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Contacts between U. S. Navy vessels and amateurs are now forbidden.

From the Island of Okinawa, amateur J9ABX sends cards handpainted by Japanese artists. However attractive, they can scarcely compare with the QSL sent to Dot Hall, W2IXY. Following a contact with an Egyptian who turned out to be King Farouk, Dot received a series of reproductions from the Egyptian museum.

Not to be outdone, an English station, G4KY, has sent at least one QSL card of solid silver. Received by Marsh Rettig, W7PBD, of Douglas, Arizona, the engraved "card" commemorates promotion of international good will. By "amateur radio," reads the plaque, "nation shall speak unto nation."

For 28 years, hams have traveled by air. W7PEY has logged 93 countries.

On the night of the visit with Rosemarie, she sent out CQ's, general calls, repeatedly, but without success, because of a round-table discussion. To the suggestion that she call Johnny Ludwig, she replied, "Johnny died last fall."

"We never use last names on ham radio," Rosemarie explained. "That is

what makes it so intimate. We are not allowed to transact any business, nor to broadcast music. All commercialization is forbidden. The only reason the government allows ham broadcasting at all is because the data gathered is valuable; we log all we do, even when we make a call and fail to make contact. Ham operations often prove useful when other forms of communication have been cut, as from fire or flood.

"We are not allowed to swear on the air, either. Make love by radio . . . ? Well, the whole world is listening in, but 73 means 'Best of Luck,' and 88 is 'Love and kisses.' An XYL is a married feminine ham, and a YL is unmarried."

"Everybody on the radio is friendly," Rosemarie marvels. "And just think of what it means to so many people, in all walks of life and in all degrees of health. I talk to shut-ins, people who are deformed, who are invalids, who have to lie flat on their back."

Her compassion spreads in her own home, too, especially to her dad. He is blind, too—his eyes gave way only recently. She is teaching him Braille.

About her own blindness? Well, "it's a nuisance," she replies. "But it certainly teaches one humility. It is no condition for a proud person: the proud become bitter." Maybe, Rosemarie says, "God wanted me to be blind so I would not fall into sin."



**LIGHT** travels at remarkable speed until it meets the human mind.

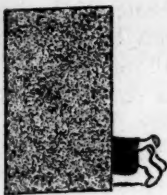
*Banking quoted in Quote (20-26 June '48).*

Within and without

# The Analyst and the Confessor

By VICTOR WHITE

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*



PSYCHOLOGISTS often regard the sacramental confession of Catholics as a sort of naïve forerunner of psychological analysis, and it has become almost a commonplace among many Catholic apologists to say that analysis is a secularized form of sacramental confession.

There are superficial resemblances, but there are also obvious and essential differences. The analyst who plays the confessor is as bad an analyst as the confessor who plays the analyst will be a bad confessor. Offering the confessional as a substitute for psychotherapy is dangerous because of the disappointment it must arouse in those who think it a cure for psychoneurosis, and the contempt it must arouse in those who know it is not. Though nothing but good can come from a closer acquaintance by the analyst of the practice of the sacrament of Penance, or by the confessor of the practice of analysis, it is of the greatest importance to avoid all initial blurring of their basic differences.

Just how an analysis will proceed, of what it will consist, what part in it will be taken by the analyst and what by the patient, what it will and will not achieve and what paths it will fol-

low, cannot be determined in advance. The development of an analysis will be determined by the material which emerges in the analysis itself, by the patient's response and the analyst's skill. It is a medicine, but one for which there is no uniform prescription. Indeed, its therapeutic success will depend on nothing so much as on the ability of both analyst and analysant to rid themselves of predetermined plans. In striking contrast, the ingredients of the sacrament of Penance are definitely formulated and tabulated. The instructed Catholic "going to confession" knows what he has to do and what the confessor has to do.

The "remote matter" of the sacrament of Penance, "what it is all about," is the sum of the sins of the penitent committed since Baptism. Again a contrast jumps to the eye when we turn to the counterpart of this "remote matter" in psychological analysis. Sin, truly, is an evil; and psychotherapy is also concerned, as is every therapy, with an evil. But the evil with which each is concerned is essentially different, even mutually opposed. Sin is defined as an evil human act; that is, a human activity which lacks the goodness and rightness it should have in

\*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16. July 23, 1948.

conformity with divine law. It is the evil men *do*. It is, of its very nature as a human act, in some measure voluntary; and a sin is sinful in the precise measure in which it is willed. A psychoneurosis, on the contrary, is an evil men *suffer* or *undergo*. It is a sickness, and as such something essentially involuntary, and usually contrary to the sufferer's will. It is something that happens to men, not something they do; though it may lead to action, the actions are neurotic symptoms in the precise measure in which they are involuntary. While the sacrament of Penance deals with certain evil results of human freedom, psychotherapy deals with certain results of human compulsions: with thoughts, feelings, emotions, conflicts, patterns of behavior which the patient "cannot help," which are uncontrollable by his will and usually clean contrary to it. Confession presupposes the power to sin and to turn from sin and seek forgiveness; analysis usually presupposes necessity and impotence and seeks liberation and freedom. In short, the primary and direct concern of the sacrament is with willful misdeeds; the primary and direct concern of analysis is with a certain kind of involuntary misfortune.

From this basic difference spring others which are hardly less striking. Sin, being essentially voluntary, is also essentially conscious, while it is of the very definition of any analytical psychotherapy that it is concerned with the unconscious part of the mind. Sacramental confession is concerned solely with actual sins committed after Bap-

tism, not with inherited sin, whose remedy is Baptism. In contrast, psychotherapy cannot confine itself to factors acquired in the patient's own lifetime, still less limit itself to any definite date in the patient's history. It cannot neglect inherited factors.

The "proximate matter" of the sacrament of Penance is the three acts on the part of the penitent: confession, contrition and satisfaction, interiorly performed and exteriorly expressed in regard to the "remote matter." Confession implies conscious acknowledgment of that "remote matter," and its expression in words. Contrition implies the turning of the will from the same, and its turning to God and the divine will. Satisfaction implies the willing acceptance and performance of some task imposed as compensation and as a token of good faith and willingness to accept the penal consequences of sin.

It is presumably in the act of confessing that the resemblances between sacramental confession and psychological analysis are more particularly supposed to lie.

But the "confession" required of the penitent and the "confession" required of the analysant are two very different things; and the difference lies in the difference of "remote matter" which we have already noted. What a penitent is expected to confess is very clearly defined and restricted to the sins committed since his Baptism or his previous confession. No such limitation can bind the analysant. Though no analyst who knows his business will

limit his patient's "confessions" to his real or alleged misdeeds, he will be concerned with them, not as moral offenses, but as causes or symptoms of neurosis, because they provide, together with the patient's conscious or unconscious attitudes to them, important elements in the total picture of the personality with which he has to do. The patient's "good deeds" will interest him no less than his "bad" ones (confessors are notoriously, and rightly, impatient with rehearsals of the "penitent's" virtues!) while dreams, free associations, spontaneous reactions and other manifestations of the unconscious will interest him still more. His business is less with what the patient does than why he does it. There may be some overlapping, but never complete identity between sacramental and analytical "confession." The psychological processes demanded by each differ correspondingly: the former requires a certain concentration of conscious memory and the orderly recital of a selection of its contents; the second, contrariwise, a mental and physical relaxation which permits the free flow of uncontrolled phantasy and the suspension of regular "directed" mental activity. The uncomfortable confessional box with its hard kneeler and the couch or armchair of the analyst's office admirably express and promote the two very different kinds of "confession" for which each is appointed.

Psychological analysis knows nothing of contrition or satisfaction as predetermined acts to be required of the patient; it would fail entirely of its

purpose were it to lay down in advance the conscious attitude which the analysant was to adopt to his material. This can no more be predetermined than can the material itself.

Still less is there any equivalent in psychological analysis to the *form* of the sacrament of Penance. This "form" is the words of forgiveness pronounced by the priest; it is the specifying and determining element which makes the sacrament of Penance to be what it is; it is the efficacious sign of reconciliation with God, and so the very remedy for the evil which is the sacrament's "remote matter." Nothing of the sort is to be found in psychological analysis. There is still considerable disagreement among analysts as to what their own precise role in analysis should be. But few, even of those who most strongly advocate his "active" intervention in the process, would maintain that the ultimate remedy comes from the analyst rather than the one analyzed. None certainly would claim divine power and authority to forgive sin.

But it should be remembered that although sin and misfortune are essentially different, there is a close causal link between them. Sin is the ultimate cause of misfortune. Sin results in temporal (as well as eternal) punishments and consequences, though not in the sense that all suffering, especially mental suffering, must be attributed to the sufferer's own personal and actual sins. But it is true that Original Sin is the ultimate cause (by removing the original grace which was the cause



of man's psychological integrity and harmony) of all such disorder, and that its perversity can be enhanced by personal, actual sin. It should further be remembered that not all such disorder (being quite "normal" in fallen human nature) can be characterized as pathological or neurotic. But psychology itself finds it increasingly difficult to eliminate moral disorder from the etiology of mental disorder. The materialistic and mechanistic belief that a neurosis could be diagnosed without consideration of the patient's ethical valuations or behavior, and that it could be "cured" without any moral response or alteration, is one which few psychologists today could be found to accept.

So while sacramental confession (including contrition and amendment) does not deal directly with psychoneurosis, we need not be surprised to find cases in which it cures indirectly. But it is perhaps as prevention rather than cure that regular sacramental confession may serve the ends of mental hygiene and prophylaxis. Unconsciousness of the "shadow" side of life contributes to the formation and persistence of neurotic complexes. A patient's failure to meet consciously and deliberately the challenges ("temptations" in Catholic parlance) which life brings him is a common source of neurosis. Frequent and honest self-examination, and the necessity of formulating its findings in the confessional, can promote more self-awareness, and prevent the less pleasing features of a personality from sinking into uncon-

sciousness, where alone they will generate neurotic symptoms. While sacramental confession is not ordained to cure, it may do much to prevent the disorders with which psychotherapy is concerned. Unfortunately in certain cases (notably those known to Catholics by the tragic symptoms of "scruples") it may increase rather than prevent the virulence of the disease.

On the other hand, while psychological analysis is not ordained to forgive sin, it may do much to free the patient from those compulsions which make both sin and repentance from sin—and even any clear-eyed self-examination—impossible.

Although psychological analysis cannot demand contrition of the patient, it is seldom successful unless it brings about something like it: a radical change of the patient's conscious outlook, a change of mind, and with it of his moral valuations and behavior. If an analysis does not change the patient's outlook on life, it achieves nothing. Numerous case histories show striking resemblances not only between the results of analysis with those of religious and moral conversions, but also in the very symbols which eventually emerge from unconscious sources to induce the transformation. C. G. Jung declared in 1932, "During the past 30 years, people from all the civilized countries of the earth have consulted me. I have treated many hundreds of patients, the larger number being Protestants, a small number Jews, and not more than five or six believing Catholics. Among all my pa-

tients in the second half of life there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every one of them fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age had given to their followers, and none of them has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook." He added, "This, of course, has nothing to do with a particular creed or membership of a church," but he has also called constant attention to the parallels between dream processes and their healing symbolism with those of recorded religious initiations, conversions, and illumination. He has also remarked on the similarities of the healing factors in analysis with what religious belief holds to be the effects of the operations of divine grace. That they are identical in particular instances can never be affirmed with certitude; but neither can the possibility be denied. While man is limited to the appointed channels of grace and forgiveness, God is not so limited; and there seems to be

no foregone reason why the theologian can deny to dream-symbolism the *ex opere operantis* efficacy he must allow to the sacraments of the old Law, the Baptism of John, the sacramentals of the Church or, it may be added, the dream-symbols of the Scriptures. Though little can be affirmed or denied with certainty, the resemblances are often too impressive to be ignored.

The most that can be said in summary is that although sacramental confession and psychological analysis are two wholly different things, pursuing two different but interrelated purposes, the purposes of the one may sometimes happen to be attained through the other. Prevention, or more rarely the cure, of psychoneurosis in sacramental confession, when it does happen, arises from the conscious human activities which it involves. If, however, divine grace and forgiveness are sometimes attained through the processes of psychological analysis, it can be only from the patient's response to God's uncovenanted mercies through the inner life of his soul.



### *Inn-teresting Story*

SIR MARMADUKE, in the days of King Arthur, always rode a St. Bernard dog instead of the conventional horse. One evening he was caught in a terrific rainstorm, and sought shelter at a roadside inn.

"Reservation?" asked the room clerk.

"No," admitted Sir Marmaduke.

"Sorry," said the clerk; "no room without a reservation." Then he noticed the faithful St. Bernard. "Wait a minute," said the clerk. "We'll have to find some place for you. I wouldn't put out a knight on a dog like this!"

*Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* (June '48).

# A Debt to Fritz

By MARTIN SHERIDAN

Condensed from *Foreign Service\**

**T**AKE them into the woods and shoot them! We don't know where the prisoner-of-war camp is now. Besides, why worry about two prisoners when thousands of the enemy are pouring across the Rhine?"

The *Unteroffizier* nodded assent to the two majors. Accompanied by two guards, he led his captives, an American officer and a British enlisted man, into thick woods and halted when the majors had disappeared. Then, speaking German, he asked the American if he had heard what the officers had ordered. First Lieut. Frederick S. Morton III, 1st battalion, 194th Glider regiment, had studied German two years at Davidson college. He replied coldly that he understood, too well.

The young German's name was Fritz. He told Morton he didn't want to kill him or the Englishman, adding that he would continue his search for a PW compound even though he had combed the countryside for two days.

The group had proceeded another quarter of a mile when two German captains approached on foot. Fritz asked about the military situation, then inquired about the nearest PW camp. "Everything is confusion," snapped one of the officers, "and you had better get rid of your prisoners." He mo-

tioned toward a clump of trees and pointed at Fritz's rifle.

Fritz saluted stiffly, waited a few moments, marched on with his party. Hours later they reached a small inn on the outskirts of a village recently flattened by British shelling. The *Unteroffizier* was unable to get any information there and told Fred Morton he couldn't make up his mind what to do.

"I won't kill you," Fritz declared, "but it's no use hunting any longer for a PW camp."

He told Morton of his young wife in Berlin, that he had not heard from her for several weeks and was worried because the Russians were pounding at the gates of the capital. They downed a few drinks of schnapps. Finally Morton gathered up courage and meekly suggested, "Why don't you go on to Berlin and leave us here? Our troops aren't far away, you know."

Fritz didn't deny the proximity of Allied forces, and agreed to head for Berlin if he could leave Fred and the Englishman at the inn. "Mama," buxom and genial innkeeper, agreed to hide and feed the pair.

The following morning Morton and Fritz exchanged addresses and good

\*Broadway at 34th St., Kansas City, 2, Mo. August, 1948.

wishes, and the *Unteroffizier* departed. Later someone spread the rumor that the British were only 10 miles away. Morton's hopes for liberation zoomed. While the sounds of battle moved closer, "Mama," fulfilling her promise, fed the prisoners well and permitted them to sleep in the warm kitchen.

Disorganized nazi forces soon began to withdraw. British shells shook the ground and pockmarked the area. Finally, British armored cars sped into the tiny community. The prisoners, although minus their papers, identified themselves and were taken before British intelligence officers. Morton eventually reached Wesel on a tank and reported to the American 18th Airborne. A few days later he rejoined his own outfit.

Fred Morton's unusual story really begins at the time of the Battle of the Bulge. He suffered face wounds from shrapnel and was hospitalized in the 177th general hospital at Le Mans, France, where he fell in love with Army Nurse Elsie Koepl of New York City.

When he returned to his battalion a month later his men christened their glider Elsie, painting the name in huge letters on the fuselage. D-day for the jump across the Rhine by the British 6th and U. S. 17th Airborne divisions was set for March 24, 1945. Patrols of General Patton's 3rd Army had pushed over the previous night. British were taking off from England; Americans were staging from fields near Paris.

Morton's outfit took to the air at

Melun at 8:30 in the morning. Morton was accompanied in the glider by an intelligence sergeant, Bob Renicker of Baltimore, and two intelligence scouts and a jeep.

The huge air armada rendezvoused with the British force at 11 A.M. over Belgium and was scheduled to reach the drop area near the town of Wesel at 1 P.M. The objective was to secure Wesel and prevent Germans from bringing up reinforcements.

Morton's glider and scores of others reached the Rhine as planned. Ack-ack began to fill the sky as the C-47 power planes towed them across the river. Morton was checking landmarks when he noticed a large smoke-shrouded area in what appeared to be the designated drop zone. Coming out of the smoke a few moments later, he was dumbfounded to find his tow plane alone in the flak-filled sky. The others had disappeared as if the ground had opened up and swallowed them.

Suddenly a burst of ack-ack near by jolted the glider. Flak severed the tow rope. Acrid smoke choked them as they started down from 1500 feet. While they soared rapidly earthward, more murderous anti-aircraft fire tore holes in the wings and small-arms fire crisscrossed the sky.

The pilots set the glider down nicely in a small triangular field to the nervous tune of 20 and 40-millimeter fire that soon found the range. Morton told the others to follow him and crawled toward a clump of woods about 50 yards away.

As he reached the shelter of the trees

he heard excited voices jabbering in German. Suddenly four soldiers armed with submachine guns and rifles jumped into sight, pointing their weapons toward Morton's men, who were still making their way off the field. Morton cut loose with his tommy gun. His first burst caught three men. More Germans came up and spread out.

He waited until darkness to recross the road. While reconnoitering in the woods near the glider, he almost stumbled across a large German self-propelled gun. As Morton turned to get away, a bright moon spotlighted the area and revealed the gun crew coming up to man their weapon. They fired a few rounds and the Allies retaliated by throwing in a few shells that landed only 150 feet from the American.

Once again silence settled on the night and Morton started to make a big circle around the gun position. This time he nearly crawled into a group of sleeping men. As he backed off watching them, helmeted troops marched through with rifles strapped across their chests. Morton strapped his gun in a similar fashion and began to walk boldly through the camp. After several close calls, he found an open spot and crossed the road once more to his woodland hiding place.

For the next 36 hours, Lieutenant Morton played a life-and-death game of tag with the Germans and tried to worm his way out of the bivouac. He watched air battles between screaming P-47's and German ack-ack,

listened to artillery and small-arms duels, but was unable to determine how the battle was progressing or what had happened to his men.

At 2 A.M. Monday he wound up exhausted, hungry, and out of ammunition in the same forest where he had first hidden. He fell into a deep sleep which ended when the inconsiderate British lobbed in shells close enough to fan his whiskers. Morton dived into a near-by ditch, but shells found him again as if he were the target.

The firing ceased at 5:30 A.M. and the used-up officer again succumbed to fatigue. Hours later he was rudely awakened by two German soldiers. They yanked him to his unsteady feet, and one startled him by inquiring in English, "Do you live in Chicago?"

Blinking his bloodshot eyes, Morton replied, "No."

"Too bad," laughed the German. "I have an uncle in Chicago!"

The pair marched their prisoner to their base for questioning and a complete search. The following day Morton received his first real meal, a ration of hard black bread and jam. He was locked in a room with a Britisher named Tomplin, sole survivor of 33 men in a 6th-Airborne Horsa glider which crashed into a tree. They entered the custody of *Unteroffizier* Fritz 24 hours later and began their prolonged march to the PW camp that could not be found.

After Morton rejoined the 194th, the outfit was assigned to occupation duty in the Ruhr. He and Elsie were married in France in May, 1945, and re-



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turned to the U.S. early in 1946 for separation from the service. Shortly after they had moved to Watertown, Mass., and Fred had registered at Harvard Law school, his father forwarded a letter from Germany that had been sent to his Waycross, Ga., home.

The communication was from former *Unteroffizier* Fritz. Dated Aug. 14, 1946, and written in English by his sister, it read in part:

"Dear Fred: A short time ago as I was putting my papers in order your address fell into my hands. As I saw it I recalled the last weeks of the war and the time we were together. It would be interesting to know what you and Tomplin did after I left you. I hope that you both reached safety.

"In the beginning of May, 1945, I became an English prisoner and was transported to Belgium, where I remained four months. After this time I returned home and went to work as an electrical engineer. It is very difficult for me to be a civilian again, as I was a soldier seven long years.

"My relatives survived the war, but my brother-in-law is a Russian prisoner. We lost our home but I don't want to complain because there are millions of people in Europe in the same position."

Morton immediately sent several CARE food packages to the man who had saved his life and asked what he and his family needed specifically. Fritz's second letter told of his wife's death during an attack on Berlin.

"I did not learn that until last year," wrote Fritz, "because it was difficult to explore in the Russian Zone. I worked for the American occupation forces in my town until they moved away. Now I am a streetcar conductor. I get a uniform and about 150 marks a month.

"I thank you in the name of my parents and sisters for your wonderful help. Now it is impossible for me to do anything for you, but maybe later, if times are better, I hope to thank you in a better way.

"With all good wishes, and may God bless you, your friend, Fritz."

Fritz has never asked for anything or lamented about conditions in Germany, but the appreciative Mortons have sent him knitting wool, shoes, and food.

Now they have also obtained "Mama's" address and have sent her some food packages. They hope this bread cast on troubled international waters will return as peace and better understanding in a topsy-turvy world.



### *Anybody Guess Why?*

UNLIKE the Republican and Democratic parties, whose conventions were held earlier in Philadelphia, the Progressive Party did not have a Catholic clergyman open a session with prayer.

N.C.W.C.

No "class" programs

# If Americans Pull Together

By PHILIP MURRAY

Condensed from the *American Magazine*\*

I AM a trade unionist and a labor organizer. But above all else I am an American. I love this country, its people, and its institutions. I came here an immigrant, made good as an American. Everything I possess, everything I have achieved, I owe to the U. S.

I was born in the little mining town of Blantyre, Scotland, second among 11 children. My father was a coal miner and president of the local union. He took me to my first labor meeting when I was six years old. Although he was an expert miner, his pay was meager and the work unsteady.

One day I heard my parents talking. "We've got to take him out of school," said my father.

"It is not right, William. Neither is it the will of God. I'll not allow a lad of ten to go down into that mine!"

"What I earn is not enough. We badly need the three shillings a day he can earn."

"I'll make a good miner," I broke in eagerly.

My father laid a tired hand upon my shoulder. "Philip, my son," he said, "I know you're big and strong for your years, and you want to help your father. But I wish it wasn't necessary. A lad should be allowed to fin-

ish school before the burden of earning a living is put on him. There will come a time when children will have a full childhood. You will see it, Phil. A childhood for every child and a manhood for every man."

Down into the mine I went, along with hundreds of other Scottish men and boys. I worked beside my father, hacking at the seam, shoving the cart we filled, while my muscles hardened and my shoulders broadened. I grew up a stranger to sunlight. Evenings by the kerosene lamp I improved my mind by reading the Bible, my father's labor journals, books borrowed from the village collection, of which he was librarian, and my own copy of the poems of Robert Burns.

But those were lean years. Layoff followed layoff; and there were times when the 13 Murrays lacked enough to eat. At last, when I was 16, the family made a momentous decision. We would seek a new life in America.

My father and I came first, in 1902. From New York we took the train to Irwin, Pa. We arrived on Christmas day and, lugging our bedrolls, trudged four miles on foot to my uncle Philip's home through a howling snowstorm.

Then it was back to the mines for my dad and me. We had to earn the

\*250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. June, 1948.

money to bring the rest of the family over, and, once they'd joined us, to make a living for us all. But I also strove to get an education. Directly after supper I'd go to my room.

One night my father followed me. "Phil, what are you up to?"

"Studying. Math and science." I proudly displayed my textbooks in the correspondence course.

"Would that be where your \$60 went?"

"Yes, sir. And when I finish I'd like to take a crack at economics."

"Good lad. You'll not regret it."

It also took studying to become an American. Shortly after my 21st birthday I stood with a naturalization class of 12 in a dark-paneled courtroom in Pittsburgh. It was just about the proudest moment of my life.

Years before that, however, I had made the acquaintance of one of the less attractive sides of life in America. Miners in the Pennsylvania coal pits earned better wages than we'd been paid in Scotland. But they were forbidden to form unions; and no machinery existed for considering their complaints against crooked or overbearing bosses.

In the shaft where I worked when I was 17 the men were all convinced that they were being cheated out of a portion of their wages by a dishonest weighmaster. One night as I was leaving the pit I stopped to lodge a protest and to suggest that the men be permitted to hire a weighman of their own to check the weight of coal credited to each miner. In Scottish mines

this was the common practice, and I thought the suggestion might be welcomed. Instead, I was called an agitator and a dirty foreigner and several other uncomplimentary names; with the result that for the first and only time in a labor dispute, I lost my temper. A bloody fight ensued.

Next morning I was fired "for engaging in a brawl on company property." Five hundred miners forthwith laid down their picks and walked off the job. The strike lasted three weeks. During part of that time the Murray family was forced to live in a tent, having been evicted from their company-owned house, while I was held prisoner in the company store. Hunger finally drove the men back to the pits; but deputy sheriffs and members of the mine operators' police escorted me by train to Pittsburgh and warned me never to return.

From that moment I never had the slightest doubt what I wanted to do with my life: I would devote it to fighting injustices to labor and striving to improve the lot of American workers. Two years later, at 19, I was elected president of the newly formed miners' union at Horning, Pa. I stayed in the mines until I was 24, when I was elected a member of the executive board of the United Mine Workers of America. I served the Mine Workers continuously for 30 years, as board member, district president, and international vice-president, during both the darkest days and the most active period of the union's organizing activities.



I recall particularly one organizing expedition that I took into the coal fields of southern West Virginia back in 1915. Van Bittner, now vice-president of the United Steelworkers of America, accompanied me. We found that the mine owners had passed the word that any man caught attending one of our meetings would be fired and blacklisted. Consequently, in every town we came to the houses were locked and shuttered and the people all indoors. I spoke 19 times during that trip, wherever I could rent a hall. My largest audience at any meeting numbered exactly four: three men and a dog.

I was back in West Virginia six years later. But the temper of the times had changed. Enraged by the anti-union excesses of the mine owners and their hired mercenaries, the miners had risen in rebellion, seized telegraph lines and railroad junction points, and defied the state government. With federal troops encamped just across the river in Ohio, bloodshed seemed unavoidable.

When I stepped off the train at Charleston, I was confronted by a couple of armed deputies. "Turn around and get right back on that choo-choo."

"Thanks, no."

"All right, then, into the wagon! We're taking you to jail."

"I'd not do that if I were you. The man who sent me might not like it."

"We'll get him, too. What's his name?"

"The President of the U. S."

The deputies quietly slunk off.

It took a wild night ride over rain-soaked mountain roads patrolled by trigger-happy guards to reach the miners' headquarters and persuade them to put down their guns. On the way back, the model T touring car in which I was riding skidded off the muddy highway and slid down a ravine. Nevertheless, I managed to get word to Charleston; the troops were held back; and by morning the rebellion was ended.

One day when I was just starting as a union organizer, the general manager of a large mining company called me into his office. He complimented me on the job I was doing, and offered to make me his personal assistant, at three times what the union could afford to pay. I thanked him, said I felt my place was with the men.

To tell the truth, I have no great appetite for the things that wealth can buy. My tastes are simple: I like prize fights and baseball games. I have never in my life owned a dress suit. I enjoy long Sunday drives with my family, and long visits on the front porches of friends from mining days.

Position and power likewise hold no lure. I have never played politics to gain or hold a union office, and never will. Naturally, I'm proud to have had a hand in creating the Congress of Industrial Organizations and in organizing the United Steelworkers of America, which is today the largest single union in the country, with more than 800,000 dues-paying members in an industry that was once the chief

citadel of the so-called "open shop." But being president of these two great organizations is as much a burden as an honor. If any man can do more for labor in either office, he's welcome to the job and I'll serve cheerfully in the ranks.

Although I never finished grade school, two universities have seen fit to present me with academic degrees. I view these honors with mixed feelings, all too well aware that I lack the learning they imply. However, I have done my best to help other youngsters get the schooling I missed. Next to my contribution to the cause of trades unionism, I am proudest of my 24 years' voluntary service as a member of the Pittsburgh Board of Education.

America holds forth the promise of freedom, justice, and opportunity for all. No one has condemned this nation for its failure fully to live up to that promise more vigorously than I. And yet, despite its shortcomings, I sincerely believe this to be the finest country in the world. What other land offers its citizens so much? And where else can people so readily work to change conditions they don't like?

Moreover, although the U. S. is still far from perfect, it is growing better all the time. There is less racial and religious discrimination now than when I arrived here. There are fewer children in mines and factories and more of them in classrooms than 46 years ago. Women have won the right to vote, and are rapidly gaining economic equality with men.

Working conditions, too, have nota-

bly improved. When I first went to work in America, health and safety regulations in industry were practically unknown. There was no such thing as workmen's compensation; and unemployment insurance wasn't even dreamed of. Union busting was a recognized, and lucrative, profession.

Today, management accepts its obligations to protect its workers against accident and disease while on the job. The U. S. has at least the meager beginnings of a system of social insurance. And the right of workers to organize and bargain collectively is upheld by federal law, though still not universally observed in practice. Only last year dozens of organizers connected with the CIO's southern membership campaign were beaten up and jailed on unconstitutional charges; hundreds of workers in the same area were demoted or fired outright because they dared to join unions; and dynamite blasts were set off in two towns in an attempt to break up labor meetings. Nevertheless, the professional strikebreaker has faded from the scene; and the day when labor's just demands could be met by gunfire or police clubs alone has gone, and gone forever.

Management and labor are learning more and more the value of co-operation. Progressive businessmen regard their workers not as antagonists but as welcome partners in the great task of production. They accept trades unionism not only as part of the inevitable social and economic pattern of the times, but as a constructive force

for the all-round improvement of industrial relations. Unions are inviting employers to meet with them and talk over new ideas and new production projects. In the steel industry, especially, we have found that the frank exchange of ideas by management and labor at all levels has generated a better spirit and a better understanding of our mutual problems. As a result, collective bargaining has become less a contest and more a collaboration.

American workers today enjoy far shorter hours and far higher wages than at the turn of the century. In 1900, the average steelworker labored 14 hours a day, six days a week, to earn \$19.32. In 1948, the average steelworker puts in an eight-hour day, five days a week, and takes home \$62.40.

Thanks to modern machinery, more efficient processes, and better co-operation between management and labor, the productive capacity of American workers has spectacularly increased. Five men working one hour are able to produce as much steel as it would have taken 14 men to produce as recently as 1929. This notable increase in per-worker output constitutes the real reason why Americans are able to enjoy the highest standard of living the world has ever known. It could have come about only under a system of free enterprise.

I believe wholeheartedly in the free enterprise, initiative, and inventive genius of the American people. I do not believe that "free enterprise" includes the right to gouge the public, suppress competition, bottle up inven-

tions, or exploit our American labor.

As an American, I prize above all others my right to speak my mind about this country and its institutions, and to use my ballot for the orderly correction of abuses.

I don't hate the communists or their fellow travelers; but I hate the things they stand for. I am profoundly shocked by their indifference to the most basic values of American civilization. And I deeply resent their ever-readiness to denounce any step this country takes, while defending every move by Russia.

I recall the debate on the Marshall plan at a recent labor convention. A party-line orator was holding forth about his right (which no one had denied) to criticize the foreign policy of the U. S. I rose and asked if he would extend to the heroes of Stalingrad the same right to criticize *their* government. He did not reply.

For a quarter of a century I have been fighting the communists in the American labor movement. I shall continue to fight them as long as I have breath, 1. because I am opposed to any foreign interference in the affairs of the U. S.; 2. because I regard their philosophy of government as a betrayal of the free and democratic principles upon which our republic was founded.

We can and must defend democracy against totalitarian attacks. However, it will avail us little to fight communism abroad only to lose out to reactionary forces at home.

The Taft-Hartley Act is symptomatic both of a renewed attack on

labor and of the dangerous attempt to abridge the constitutional rights of all our citizens. It was because of my strong feeling for free speech and a free press as representing the very cornerstone of our civil liberties that I decided to violate the political provisions of this law and invite prosecution. To test the law, I wrote in the *CIO News* an editorial backing the candidacy of Edward Garmatz for Congress in Maryland. Incidentally, Mr. Garmatz won. In the judicial proceedings my position was upheld by the Federal District Court, which in a sweeping decision declared that section of the law invalid. The Supreme Court has upheld the decision of the lower court.

There are other dangers. Our country emerged from the war with its economy badly out of whack. That was unavoidable. The U. S. had been producing for destruction, civilian supplies were low, pent-up demand was terrific. Americans were talked into relinquishing price controls and the tax on excess profits. This was called "the American way," and citizens were told that under free competition prices would quickly adjust themselves to levels consumers could afford.

We now are paying through the nose. As an American and Christian I spurn the barbaric notion that the boom-bust cycle represents the will of God. As a democrat, I believe that our strongest defense against totalitarianism consists of a sound, equitable economy. I believe that the way to beat the communists is not by speeches or

bullets, but by offering people something better, a democracy that really works. What needs to be done? Six steps seem to me essential if we would make our ramparts proof against totalitarian attack.

1. Strengthen civil liberties. Congress ought to protect by law the rights of all our citizens, including Negroes and other minority groups. The poll tax as a prerequisite for voting and the rules that sharply limit participation in certain state primaries need to be abolished.

2. Furnish federal aid to schools. Thomas Jefferson once wrote, "Educate and inform the whole mass of the people. They are the only sure reliance for the preservation of liberty." Even more than in Jefferson's time we need informed citizens today if our democracy is to function. Every child should have at least a high-school education; and since many states are already spending all they can on schools, the federal government should supply the difference.

3. Provide adequate housing. It is a scandal that freeborn Americans should be asked to live in shacks or slums. Congress should proceed at once to enact the too-long-delayed legislation for low-cost federal housing.

4. Broaden social security. Every worker should be eligible for federal unemployment insurance and old-age benefits. Present meager payments should be upped substantially. And health insurance should be added.

5. Curb prices and profits. The government should maintain effective tax

controls on excess profits, and, during periods of national emergency, should control the prices of all products and services affecting the cost of living.

6. Raise minimum wages and assure a minimum annual wage for all workers in industry. Wages supply the motive power behind our private-enterprise system. Three Americans out of four work for salaries or wages; without their purchases industry could not turn a wheel. The U. S. must not only supply the goods that people want to buy, but must make it possible for people to buy them. Moreover, since U. S. economy is geared to a constantly expanding market, it must be made possible for them to buy more and more and more. The only way to do that is by continuing to put more dollars into pay envelopes.

This is not a "class" program I have just outlined. It is a program all Amer-

icans can support to their mutual advantage. In fact, we have no classes in this country; that is why the Marxist theory of the class struggle has gained so few adherents.

All Americans are workers. And in the final analysis the interests of farmers, factory hands, business and professional people, and white-collar toilers prove to be the same. Even the division of industrial workers into "management" and "labor" turns out to be somewhat artificial. Management involves plenty of labor and labor involves considerable management. Provided all work together, there is literally nothing the people of this country cannot achieve.

America is still the land of opportunity. Pulling together, we shall surmount the present crisis and go on to build a better country and a better world tomorrow.



### *Perfect Misunderstanding*

THE *Queen Elizabeth* was sailing along at a good clip, the wind was blowing, the crowd was pretty jolly. I took Vishinsky by the hand, looked him directly in the eye, and said, "Mr. Vishinsky, every night I pray that Britain, Russia, America and all the other nations of the earth may have a sincere desire for peace and may be adequate to consummate that desire by some international organization."

Vishinsky, through his interpreter, said, "I do not pray."

Alexander Wiley in the *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*, quoted in *Quote* (20-28 June '48).



# Grade School BAND



By BETTY STOLL

THE strains of military music wafting down the noisy streets and through the crowded alleys of one of Detroit's most densely settled east side districts carry much more than just pleasant harmony. For this music, played by the St. Hyacinth School band, comes from the hearts and lungs of youngsters who, except for the help and inspiration of a youthful parish priest, would never have had any musical training or opportunity.

Nearly four years ago, Father John A. Krause arrived at the St. Hyacinth school, at 3151 Farnsworth Ave. in Detroit. The neighborhood was poor, the majority of the pupils' parents unable to afford musical training of any kind for their children. The priest had successfully organized musical groups in the coal mining districts of Bentleyville, Pa., before being ordained. Checking the grade school's enrollment of more than 1,000 pupils, he soon had 91 eager volunteers for his proposed band. Most had never held a musical instrument in their hands; hardly any had ever played one. The first 91 formed the original St. Hyacinth School band. Another 40 young-

sters were organized into a school drum and bugle corps. Still others were enlisted in a reserve band.

Anxious to learn and more than willing to sacrifice much of their leisure time to the tedious job of practicing, the St. Hyacinth youngsters sometimes spend as many as 30 hours in weekly rehearsals. All rehearsals are held after school hours with summer practice sessions being held three times each week. Though band members get no credit towards graduation, playing in the band is one of the most sought-after school honors.

Daily band practice sessions eliminate considerable juvenile delinquency. According to a police inspector at a near-by precinct police station, the east-side district has shown a definite drop in its delinquency rate since organization of the St. Hyacinth band.

Typical of the music-struck youngsters who joined the school band are Leonard Pawloski and Bobby Cutting. Neither boy had ever had any musical training before Father Krause took them under his wing. "Leonard wanted to play in the band so badly," said Father Krause, "that he insisted that

he knew how to play the trumpet. But, when I handed him a trumpet to play, he put his lips to the wrong end and blew." Now one of the band's outstanding trumpet players, Leonard has earned a four-year scholarship to St. Stanislaus High school in Detroit, where he will continue his music.

Sixth-grader Bobby Cutting now is one of the best clarinetists in the school band. Bobby, whose father is dead, peddles newspapers to help his invalid mother but has also found time during the past two years to continue his music studies and play regularly.

A great believer in following his own motto of "drawing a child on, rather than pushing him," Father Krause has arranged for each youngster in the school band to take three private music lessons each week. All group band lessons are given without charge.

Although Father Krause began training his band without any outside assistance, the organization has become so large that he now has a staff of eight assistants. Two of these assistants, Marion Ratusznick and John Iwanicki, were former students of the priest. Six others, Mary Wojciechowski, Irene Strzalkowski, Leonard Paula, Ilene Buska, Rosemarie Rzepecki and Conrad Krzykowski, are former members of the band.

Expenses for uniforms, instruments and music are paid for with funds raised by the annual St. Hyacinth School operetta. Private donations help out.

The band does not charge for per-

formances. The only provision made by Father Krause is that members and their instruments be transported to and from the place of its appearance. He estimates that they appeared at approximately 40 functions during the last year, including a newspaper festival, the Veterans' Administration hospital at Dearborn, and the twenty-fifth anniversary party of the neighboring city of Hamtramck. They also made a trip across the border to Canada, where they played for a concert at Leamington, Ontario. The youngsters also performed at concerts at various chapel dedications and programs such as World Sodality day at the University of Detroit.

Their special favorite is the *St. Hyacinth's March*, by Father Krause, who also finds time to write scores and scripts for the school's musical productions.

One of the largest items in maintaining a well-equipped band, Father Krause has discovered, is constant repair work. The school's machine shop handles all the repairs on the musical instruments, with Father Krause and Richard Boike, a trumpet player in the reserve band, doing the work. Because instruments wear out and money to buy new ones is scarce, maintenance is an extremely important phase of Father Krause's program.

Unusual symbols of the St. Hyacinth band are an eight-foot high wooden Donald Duck cart and Donald's three mischievous nephews, Looie, Huey and Dewey. Three band members don the garb of Donald's

nephews to prance beside the cart in parades. But even better symbols of the work accomplished by the St. Hyacinth School band are the smiling, happy faces of the members. The youngsters are finding joy, expression

and hope in an otherwise drab life through their musical training, which they might never have obtained without the devotion of a parish priest who remembers how he loved music in his childhood.

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*Leander & London*

## JOE VERDEUR, *Water Boy*

By ARTHUR DALEY

Condensed from the *Tidings*\*

JOE VERDEUR, greatest breast-stroke swimmer the world has ever seen, has held practically every record in the book. That's an oddity in itself, since the strapping blond powerhouse from Philadelphia grew up with a cold, unreasoning fear of the water. Yet the same determination which made him the world's best also forced him to overcome his terror and learn to swim.

It is quite unique in aquatic history for any top-notch to learn the sport late in life and still excel in it. Most of the water wonders could swim almost as soon as they could walk. Progress was natural for them. But Verdeur had huge obstacles in his path all the way and his success is cut strictly from the Horatio Alger pattern. He could be the hero of *Sink or Swim* and

need now only marry the banker's daughter to assure himself of continued prosperity.

Little did he suspect, though, that his first splash would be one heard around the world. So awesome a peak of eminence has he now reached in swimming that Bob Kiphuth of Yale, the coach of the U. S. Olympic team, remarked of Joe, "He may be the finest waterman who ever lived." That is a tremendous statement to come from one as sparing and as cautious in his praise as Kiphuth.

Yet Verdeur, the kid who once was terrified of the water, is more than just a breast stroker. He also is the national champion and record holder in the 300-yard medley, swimming's supreme test of versatility, since it embraces all three forms of aquatic loco-

\*3241 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, 7, Calif. July 16, 1948.

motion: breast-stroking, back-stroking and free style. If this peculiarly American event had been on the Olympic program, Joe would have won it.

Ever since he was able to walk, Verdeur had been fascinated by swimming. But he couldn't swim. He came from a poor family in Philadelphia (his father died when he was 10, leaving the widow to struggle with three small tots) and he haunted the Co-hocksink municipal pool. But whenever he would try to paddle around in the shallow end of the pool, bigger boys would duck him. Gasping for breath, he would rush for dry land as the taunt of "sissy" rang out after him.

By the time Verdeur was 14, his inability to swim had become the frustration of his life. He thought it over and decided that the Spartan way to learn was the only way. That is when he approached a total stranger and pleaded to be thrown overboard. When the stranger obliged, Joe came up flailing away. The world's greatest breast stroker had just been born.

It was a long while before anyone recognized the fact. Verdeur tried out for the swimming team at Northeast Catholic High, a "waterbug" school where everyone reports for swimming. There were so many time trials staged that Joe Kirk, the coach, did not notice the youthful phenomenon.

But the captain of the team noticed him and approached the coach. "Joe," he said, "there's something about that blond kid. Let's put him on the junior Varsity." They did and Verdeur im-

proved amazingly. Lucky for Kirk that he did, because Joe followed his coach to La Salle college, the Brothers' school. To do that he turned down a chance to go to Yale. Oddly enough, it was Kiphuth himself who advised him to select La Salle because the Eli mentor felt that Joe would have a greater opportunity there to help out his mother and the kids at home.

And that is precisely what he has done. But what a job! During school Joe goes to classes every day from 8:30 to 12:30. Then he swims for a couple of hours before going to work at stoking the furnace in the Philadelphia Turners from 4 P.M. until midnight.

On top of all that Verdeur competes in the toughest and most physically taxing event in all sport. The breast stroke as used these days is not the one your maiden aunt used to employ, but the "butterfly," an over-the-head flailing that makes every muscle in the body howl in anguish. Try it some time and, if you can take more than three butterfly strokes, you are a wonder.

Yet Verdeur swims 200 meters at so killing a pace that Kirk affectionately refers to him as My Maniac. Joe goes crazy and murderous in the water. The experts say he virtually dislocates his shoulder muscles every time he swims. "There's never been a man with greater flexibility than Verdeur," is Kiphuth's calm appraisal, "nor is there anyone with greater power to go with that flexibility. He's a great competitor."




*A people submerged*

# The Navajo Problem

By SILVERIUS MEYER, O.F.M.

Condensed from the *Calumet*\*



**E**XTENDING into Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado is the vast Navajo reservation of 25,000 square miles. It is mostly wasteland and semidesert, and only about 32 square miles are irrigated.

Traversing the reservation are thousands of miles of dirt roads and trails. In winter, deep snows, and in spring, thaws and rains render impassable most of the roads. Average rainfall is 12 inches; this is not much, but if dams were constructed to hold this water, the irrigated fields could yield more food. Beneath the surface of the reservation, in unknown quantity, are deposits of coal, oil, helium, vanadium, and other minerals.

On this vast reservation live approximately 61,000 Navajos. They call themselves *Dine*, which means simply The People. They constitute a sixth of the U. S. Indian population. Approximately 24,000 Navajo children are of school age; school facilities accommodate only 5,500.

Navajos live in hive-shaped log houses called hogans, covered with earth. The hogan has only one room, in which the entire family lives, eats, and sleeps. Having no beds, they sleep on the bare ground, for there is no floor. Bedding consists of sheepskins

*Father Silverius became a missionary to the Navajos upon his ordination in 1938, taking up residence in Keams Canyon. He is still there, looked upon by the Indians as their counselor and arbitrator as well as a minister to their physical and spiritual needs. His statistics came from the New Mexico Indian Rights association.*

and blankets, which serve as mattresses and covers. The sheep pelts are spread on the floor and the family retreats there, wrapped in blankets, with a saddle, coat, or bundle as a pillow. In most hogans the only pieces of furniture are an old oil drum, used as a stove, and orange-crate cupboards. Some few boast of a sewing machine.

The Navajos are patriotic. When word went around, by the well-known "moccasin telegraph," that the Japanese had attacked, many Navajo men went to the registration stations with rifles and blankets, prepared to leave at once. Their war record is glorious. Being accustomed to long walks with their sheep, the Navajos made excellent pack troops and jungle fighters.

Not only are the Navajos the largest tribe, but the poorest. Average annual income per person is now only \$82. Until 1934 the Navajos boasted that they were a self-sufficient nation and

\*105 E. 22nd St., New York City, 10. May, 1948.



lived plentifully from their sheep and other livestock. Each family had about 500 sheep. With this herd the Navajo had ample meat, wool for rugs, and a surplus supply which he could take to the trading post for other general needs. But in 1934 this self-sufficient economy was wrecked by the commissioner of Indian affairs, who decreed a swift and drastic reduction in Navajo stock, their only means of support, without offering a substitute livelihood.

Just as the commissioner's reduction of sheep ruined the Navajos economically, so also his day-school program ruined them educationally. In this day of enlightenment it is hard to believe that 80% of the Navajo people are illiterate, but this is true, because of the inadequate school facilities.

Article VI of the Navajo peace treaty of June 1, 1868, reads, "The U. S. agrees that for every 30 children between six and 16 years who can be induced or compelled to attend school, a house shall be provided, and a teacher, competent to teach the elementary branches of an English education, shall be furnished, who will reside among said Indians and faithfully discharge his or her duties as a teacher." This promise has never been fulfilled.

Until 1933 eight large boarding schools, accommodating 4,500 children, were operated. It was the intention of the commissioner of Indian affairs and his administration to abolish the boarding-school system and set up in its place 50 day schools. In the boarding schools, absenteeism was un-

known. Under the day-school program, the children are not able to attend regularly because the school buses can travel only half the time on account of road conditions. Then, too, the children do not know when to meet the bus since so few Navajos own clocks.

The system of education for the day school was equally inadequate. The commissioner tried to set up a program for the day school which he claimed would preserve for the Navajo his native language and culture. According to this program the teachers were not to encourage the children to learn to read and write English. The teachers were given Navajo textbooks which they could neither understand nor use because they had no knowledge of the extremely difficult Navajo language—which has been mastered by no more than ten men after years of concentrated study.

I know many children who have gone to the day schools for five and six years and in that time have not acquired a vocabulary of 100 English words—in spite of the treaty provision that "an English education shall be furnished." Many of the day schools are poorly located, because locations were picked by Washington officials who knew little, if anything, of the Navajo reservation. Living quarters for the teachers are poorly equipped. A number of the day schools have no electricity nor gas, and the teacher must cook on an old coal stove and do her reading in the evening under a 25¢ coal-oil lamp.

The day school, which has for its purpose the preserving of the Navajo language and culture, will never prepare the Indian in the "white" pattern. The Navajos themselves do not want the day schools; they want their children to learn English and be prepared to work alongside the white man. The Navajos consider the day-school program of John Collier, former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, a "back-to-the-blanket" movement.

Although the Navajos were here long before Columbus, they do not enjoy all the privileges of an American citizen. They may not vote; yet any foreigner who resides here for five years can become a citizen and exercise his right to vote. Not even a Navajo member of the armed forces may vote—and there were 3,500 of them.

In 1824 the Indian Bureau was founded for the purpose of civilizing and teaching the Indians, that they might become self-supporting citizens. Since establishment of the bureau, 124 years have passed, but the Indians are hardly any closer to self-support. After those many years of bureau guardianship we still find that 75% of the Indians are not capable of handling their own affairs. At the rate the bureau is going, it will take 300 more years. Every year the bureau becomes more involved and needs more federal employees and more money.

In 1945 it cost \$43,957,000 in federal and tribal funds to run the Indian Bureau. When John Collier left office in 1945, it was thought that some of the federal employees, obviously not

needed, would be dropped. On the contrary, five additional district offices were set up throughout the U. S. This has only created more red tape; and there appears no reason to justify their continuance.

According to Indian Bureau policy the attitude of the federal government toward the Indians is supposed to be paternalistic. To one who has lived in the field as I have for ten years, the relationship has been everything but that. Take, for example, the sheep-reduction program. So great was the Navajo's surprise that they hesitated to get rid of their surplus sheep. For not immediately obeying, many Indians were arrested and tried by a government judge. For his tactics, the superintendent acquired a title among the Navajos, Blackjack.

Putting the Indians on a dole is no solution. The Navajos wish no charity, for they are a proud nation. All they want is help, so that they can again become a self-supporting people.

A program of compulsory education should be started immediately. To put into effect such a program, sufficient boarding schools must be built. Both primary and secondary boarding schools should have the same high standards that the state schools have. At present, no Indian high school is accredited by a state. When I suggested to nurse-training schools that they accept Indian girls as students, they were rejected on the grounds that they had graduated from Indian schools. Adequate salaries should be given teachers and English used exclusively.

There are no field doctors or field nurses and only one dentist for the entire tribe. More doctors and nurses should be sent out to work among them, to check the high infant mortality and communicable diseases. In strategic locations, hospitals should be built with a capacity of at least 50 beds each.

To supply the hospitals and schools, all-year roads are needed. Good roads would also encourage tourist travel, which would create an outlet for the Indians' arts and crafts.

At Moenave, Ganado, and Many Farms large earthen dams for irrigation have been constructed, which have proved very successful. More projects of this type could be devel-

oped. Engineers say that water from the San Juan river would irrigate about 110,000 acres. This would be a major project, but it would pay for itself in time.

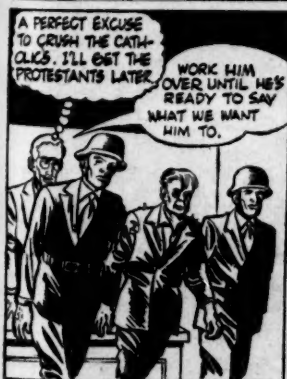
A radical change in the policy of the Indian Bureau must be forthcoming, if the Indian is to be made a self-sufficient citizen. All those imbued with the Collier philosophy of "keeping the Indian an Indian" should be summarily dismissed. A policy must be set up whereby the bureau will be self-liquidating. Twenty-five years should be enough time for this. The U. S. was eminently successful in preparing the Philippines for independence in 50 years. Why has it not done the same with the Indians in 124 years?



### *Is This Tomorrow*

**A**MERICANS, if they are to combat the menace of communism, must know about communism. That is why the CATHOLIC DIGEST, in its last two issues, published the first two of three installments of *Is This Tomorrow*,\* the picture story in comic-book form of communism in action, a booklet which shows dramatically how the communists could, while praising democracy, destroy it, take over the U. S., and set a dictator up over us. In the first two installments the communists take advantage of a drought to accentuate a food shortage and precipitate strife. Assassination of the president and vice president of the U. S. brings the communist Cline to supreme power. Cline gathers in all food, destroys much of it; growing fearful, he is superseded by the communist Jones, who uses rationing as a weapon of power. He liquidates the command of the armed forces, adjourns Congress under the muzzles of machine guns, and sets up a dictatorship—ruthlessly murdering all who stand in his way, nationalizing all industry, seizing control of education. The third and last installment follows.

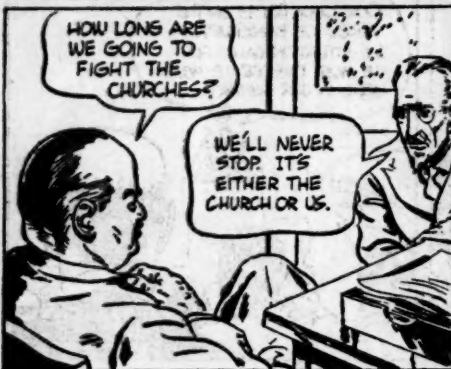
\*Published by the Catechetical Guild, 147 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn., which also publishes *Topix* twice a month, as an antidote to harmful comics.

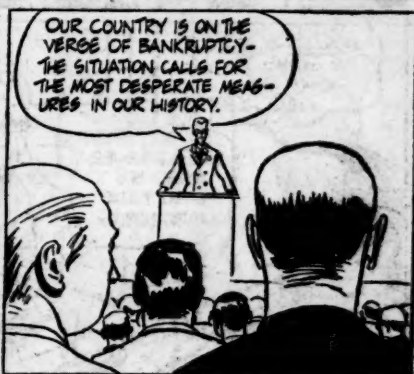


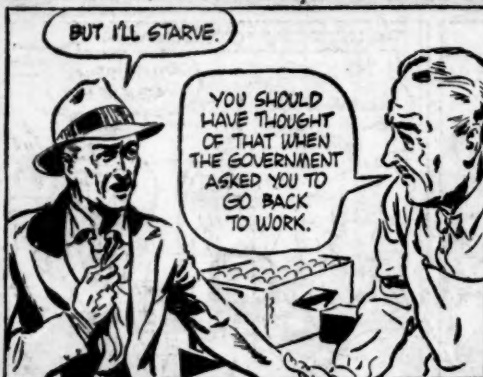












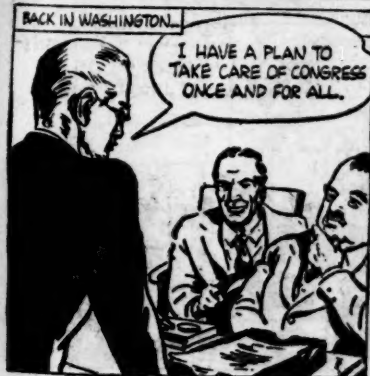


TOO LITTLE PAY....TOO MUCH OVERTIME. AND THOSE NEW BOSSES!

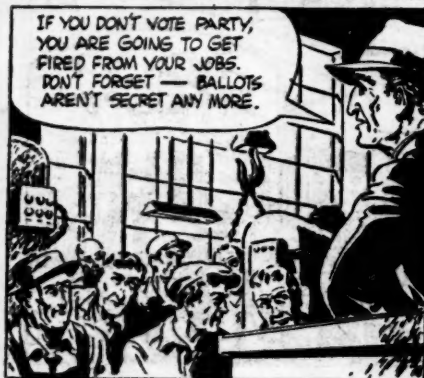
SHH! THE FOREMAN!







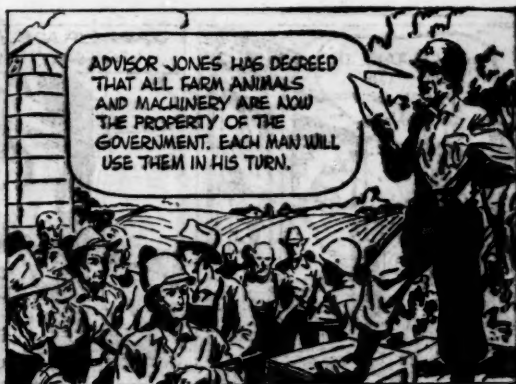
THEN CAME THE STRANGEST ELECTION IN UNITED STATES HISTORY. THERE WAS ONLY ONE PARTY ON THE BALLOT--THE COMMUNIST PARTY. THE RIGHT TO VOTE WAS TAKEN AWAY FROM HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF ANTI-COMMUNISTS. BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE, OPPOSITION WAS TAKEN CARE OF RUTHLESSLY.





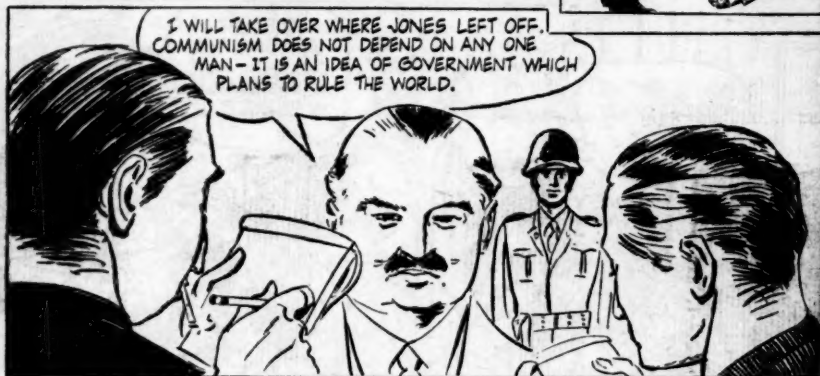
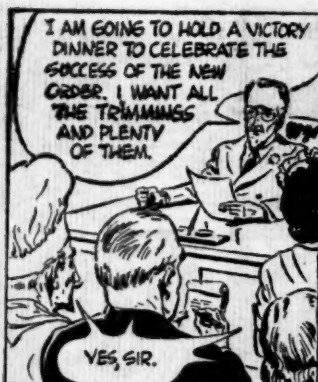












## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

App, Austin J. *THE CONCEPT OF LITERATURE*. San Antonio, Texas (1502 W. Ashby Place): Mission Press. 110 pp. \$2, cloth; \$1, paper. Collected essays on the character and aims of literature and on the function of the critic in his approach to the style and philosophy of a book.

FRUMENTUM; *Sugerencias Filosóficas y Religiosas*. Quarterly. Coyoacan, D. F., Mexico (Fernandez Leal 31): Casa de Estudios M. Sp. S. \$1.50 a year. New journal of Catholic thought from Mexico. For readers who want to practice their Spanish on meaty articles in the fields of philosophy, religion and general culture.

Greene, Graham. *THE HEART OF THE MATTER*. New York: Viking. 306 pp. \$3. Great novel about the mystery of the mercy of God.

Keller, James. *WHO WILL TEACH THEM?* New York (121 East 39th St.): The Christophers. 24-page Pamphlet. 5c a copy, \$4 for 100, \$35 for 1,000. A call for Catholics and others with religious convictions to prepare for teaching in secular schools and universities. Abandonment of the field to those working against God and Christian American traditions is a present major treason to American youth who must find their philosophy of life in such classrooms.

O'Brien, John A., editor. *WINNING CONVERTS; a Symposium on Methods of Convert Making for Priests and Lay People. A Companion to "White Harvest."* New York: Kenedy. 248 pp. \$3. The Catholic rates his faith above everything but doesn't know how to tell others about it. Converts are people who have broken through the wall of tongue-tied Catholics. Eighteen writers tell how to spread the good news of Catholicism.

Piat, Stéphane Joseph. *THE STORY OF A FAMILY; the Home of the Little Flower*. New York: Kenedy. 459 pp., illus. \$3.50. Tranquil picture of a middle-class 19th-century French home. A father's and mother's unselfish love; the background for a daughter's world-acknowledged sanctity.

Plus, Raoul. *CHRIST IN OUR BRETHREN*. St. Meinrad, Ind.: Grail. 2 vols. in 1. \$2. Inspiring insight into the attitudes that make life shared by Christians a mutually profitable adventure; the apostolates of prayer, suffering, and direct contact which make the pulse of Christianity beat in an ever-increasing part of humanity.

Prohaszka, Ottokar. *MEDITATIONS ON THE GOSPELS; Vol 1*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 229 pp. \$3. Flexible style and a sensitiveness to moods of the human heart and the face of nature makes welcome the reappearance in print of a great Hungarian's guide to personal knowledge of Christ.

Thomas Aquinas, Saint. *INTRODUCTION TO SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS; Ed. by Anton C. Pegis*. New York: Modern Library. 690 pp. \$1.25. Substantial sections from the writings of the great 13th-century realist showing his views on natural theology, psychology, theory of knowledge and ethics. For college student and general reader.

Whittaker, Sir Edmund. *SPACE AND SPIRIT: Theories of the Universe and the Arguments for the Existence of God*. (The Humanist Library.) Hinsdale, Ill.: Henry Regnery Co. 143 pp. \$2.50. British mathematician shows the differences between modern post-Newtonian physics and the physics of Aristotle used by St. Thomas as a starting point of proofs for the existence of God. Effective use of the proofs today must take note of new knowledge on space, time, and energy.



*You will be wise as an owl*

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